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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two spirited pictures of the Russo-Turkish War, and a further installment of* "SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR."

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SECTIONAL JEALOUSY.

JOHN A. ANDREW, of Massachusetts, as stanch a Republican as ever lived, and a war Governor worthy of the great traditions of his State, said, substantially, when the war ended, that the country must now make peace as zealously as it had made war. For a thousand obvious reasons, this was very difficult. The long mutual jealousy of the sections, the abolition of slavery, the subverted political and industrial situation of the South, were all radically deranging elements. The prompt and vigorous suppression of the Ku-Klux and the adoption of the Constitutional Amendments were important agents in a work which from its nature must be difficult and slow. There has been since the war, and not unnaturally, immense misapprehension on both sides, and an appeal to sectional suspicion and jealousy has been always very effective. A stupid and malignant article in a Southern newspaper, an angry word from a Southern orator regretting the lost cause, or a crime against a negro, have been enough to kindle Northern animosity and arouse Northern doubt of all the people in the Southern States; while a taunt at Southern barbarism and a sneer at Southern loyalty to the amended Constitution have excited as bitter a hostility in those States against Northern vindictiveness and injustice.

There is no more hopeful sign of the times than the mutual disposition of intelligent and patriotic citizens in all parts of the country to cultivate a good understanding, and not to permit themselves to be arrayed against each other merely to promote the personal interests of party leaders, or simply to maintain party organization. It is well for Republicans to heed the fact which we pointed out last week, that eminent Southern Democrats hold sounder views of some vitally important public questions than eminent Northern Republicans; and Democrats may wisely ponder the fact that distinguished Democratic leaders are in open opposition upon the same questions to the general tendency of their party. The time has passed in which the great mass of Northern Republicans can be persuaded to believe that the public men of the Southern States are inspired solely by a desire to undo the results of the war, and Southern Democrats will gradually perceive that there is a Republican sentiment which is neither merely sectional nor distrustful. The progress toward a common understanding is very slow, but there is no more immediate and imperative patriotic duty than to promote it in every reasonable way. During the campaign of 1876 it was an honest Republican feeling that Republican defeat meant the remorseless oppression of the negro, the pensioning of Southern soldiers, and the payment of enormous Southern claims that would lead to repudiation. These were sincere apprehensions, accompanied no doubt by a conviction that Southerners could not be really patriotic and loyal to the Union. Such fears were freely expressed upon the stump. But the conduct of eminent Southern leaders during the angry and doubtful winter of last year dispelled a great many delusions; and it is significant that the ablest and most conspicuous of the Southern public men are those whose patriotic position is most manly and pronounced. They are reviled, indeed, by the malignant and disorganizing Democratic feeling in the Northern States, because their steadfastness saved the country from a catastrophe in deciding the Presidential election. But however they may exasperate the more desperate among their own partisans, they have shown intelligent and sincere Republicans that a man may have been a "Confederate brigadier" without having lost all claim to respect and confidence as a patriotic man, whatever political and party sympathies he may profess.

It is, we know, a favorite theory with many Republicans that a sectional issue is indispensable to Republican success in 1880. It is proposed to raise the cry of an alliance between "the solid South" and the Northern Democracy to rob the Treasury for the gratification of "the South," and in order to make it effective "the Northern heart must be roused" into solid hostility against "the South." It is enough to say of this plan that it must evidently miscarry. If, as Mr. CHANDLER alleges, the election of 1876 was carried upon a platform of distrust and jealousy, the result of that election and all that has since occurred show that it can not be repeated. The business of clever "politicians," to say nothing of good citizens and honorable men, is, therefore, to find a more promising and tenable plan. "The South," as it is called, is undoubtedly Democratic. Under supreme and unquestionable Republican national ascendency, with all possible and honest Republican doubt and distrust, all but two of the Southern States had been recovered by the Democrats, and even had Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN and PACKARD been recognized, Louisiana and South Carolina would have ceased to be Republican by 1880. How? In the same way that the other States ceased to be so, and nothing more could have been done to prevent it in the last two States than in the others. "The South" is Democratic and "solid." That is the fact with which the Republican party must deal. Can it deal with it in no other way than by asserting that Southerners were rebels, and therefore that they ought not to control the government? There is nothing more politically stupid than the appeal to a sectionalism which not only has been shown by events to be insufficient for a party platform, but which, in the nature of things, is constantly decreasing in bitterness. If sectional jealousy, under whatever pretense, is invoked because it is believed that there is nothing else that can prevent Democratic success, all reasonable opposition to that success is virtually abandoned.

The reason that "the North" can not be aroused by a mere sectional appeal is evident. It is the rapidly extending feeling that the real troubles in the Southern States are not such as national military interference can remedy, and the conviction that Republicans are responsible for much venality and misrule in many of those States. If the duty of a good citizen be to screen his party by hook or by crook, it is, of course, very unwise for a Republican to admit as much as this. But there are so many Republicans who recognize some other Republican principle than sectional jealousy that it is well to take them into account.

MR. SUMNER'S VINDICATION.

THE attack upon the veracity of Mr. SUMNER made by General GRANT in a conversation with a *Herald* reporter on the 11th of September last was in every way unfortunate. It was totally uncalled for, and was introduced episodically, according to the report, by the remark, "I must tell you an incident about Mr. SUMNER," apropos of nothing except the ex-President's dislike of the dead Senator. General GRANT could not have supposed that his accusation of Mr. SUMNER as making statements "knowing them to be falsehoods" would be left unnoticed. The warm discussion that followed compelled Mr. FISH to break a silence which we have no doubt he preferred to keep. The Senate removed the seal of secrecy from its records, and Mr. SUMNER was fully vindicated. The official record proves that General GRANT'S information was incorrect, and therefore that his assertion that Mr. SUMNER made statements "knowing them to be falsehoods" was—and as we believe, of course, unintentionally—untrue. Mr. J. BANCROFT DAVIS, who was Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. FISH, has now made a contribution to the controversy, in which, however, he touches very lightly and unsatisfactorily upon this point. But as his statement must be considered the best defense possible of General GRANT'S assertion, it is the duty of those to examine it whom personal friendship with Mr. SUMNER had taught to trust his word.

The subject is fortunately very simple. Mr. SUMNER remarked to a friend that when he was removed from the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee of the Senate he "left a clean docket;" that is to say, that he had reported to the Senate all the matters which had been referred to his committee, and that there was no business pending before it. Alluding to this remark, General GRANT told the *Herald* reporter that he had proposed to prove that Mr. SUMNER had made these statements "knowing them to be falsehoods." He continued that he had told Mr. SUMNER'S friend—the italics are ours—

"that there were nine or eleven treaties before the Senate from the State Department that had been there several months, and *had been in Mr.* SUMNER'S *hands, but had never been laid before the committee.* I wrote from the spot, Long Branch, to the State Department, and to my own surprise *there proved to be more treaties than I had said that had been in Mr.* SUMNER'S *own hands for a longer time than I expected.* That was the 'clean docket.'"

General GRANT further remarked that his object "in having the record searched" was to show that "Mr. SUMNER was not a truthful man;" and he added:

"The work of that committee when Mr. CAMERON took charge was in a most deplorable state, due entirely to Mr. SUMNER'S persistent obstructiveness and dilatoriness."

Here is the distinct charge that Mr. SUMNER retained treaties in his committee, and would not report them to the Senate, and then deliberately, knowing it to be a falsehood, said that he had reported them.

Mr. FISH, who was at the head of the State Department during the time of which General GRANT speaks, was interviewed in Boston on the 19th of October, and said, according to the report—the italics are ours:

"It was a fact that was susceptible of proof from the Senate records that drafts of treaties, from eight to eleven in number, *remained in the hands of the committee* for several months, some of them, as near as Mr. FISH could remember, for more than two years. Mr. FISH did not impute this delay of public business to negligence on the part of Mr. SUMNER."

Upon the report of this interview, Mr. EDWARD L. PIERCE, the biographer and a literary executor of Mr. SUMNER, asked Mr. FISH for the specific details of his statement. Mr. FISH replied in a letter containing a list of the treaties, and stating—the italics are ours:

"The fact that a large number of treaties *had failed to receive the consideration of the committee* at the time when Mr. SUMNER'S appointment as its chairman expired....was commented upon at the time....It was frequently and publicly mentioned."

The charge throughout is defined. It is that Mr. SUMNER obstructed business in his committee, and, by failing to report the treaties to the Senate, delayed the public business—a delay for which he was individually responsible.

On the 20th of November the Senate, in executive session, and, as is believed, upon the motion of Mr. HOAR, the successor of Mr. SUMNER, removed the injunction of secrecy from its records, and it appears that all but one of the nine treaties upon the list furnished by Mr. FISH *had been reported to the Senate by Mr.* SUMNER *before his removal from the chairmanship.* The cause of delay in the case of the one treaty unreported is not known, but it is not to be assumed that it was the negligence of a chairman who had thus shown himself to be peculiarly diligent. Since the publication of the official record of the prompt report to the Senate of the treaties which Mr. SUMNER was said to have "pigeon-holed" in his committee, we have nothing of authority in explanation of the charge which was thus officially disproved, until Mr. DAVIS'S paper dated the 3d of January, 1878. This is chiefly occupied with showing that the reason alleged in the Senate for the removal of Mr. SUMNER from the chairmanship was not the real reason, and that the Senators equivocated. But the only justification attempted by Mr. DAVIS for the persistent and elaborate assertion that Mr. SUMNER "pigeonholed" treaties and did not report them to the Senate, which the record now disproves, is this—the italics are ours:

"By the custom of the Senate, treaties *which have been reported from a committee*, with a recommendation that the Senate advise their ratification, are regarded as in the charge of the chairman, unless reported by some other member. It is his business to move them forward and secure the Senate's action upon them. The unrevealed records of the Senate in executive session will show whether Mr. SUMNER made any attempt during that winter to secure the action of the Senate on those treaties."

Mr. DAVIS here deliberately admits that the treaties had been reported by Mr. SUMNER, although General GRANT and Mr. FISH have distinctly declared that he had not reported them. And admitting that the original accusation was untrue, and consequently that Mr. SUMNER'S statement, which General GRANT described as a willful falsehood, was strictly true, Mr. DAVIS now makes a totally different charge. But those who without occasion accused Mr. SUMNER of deliberate falsehood must be held to their accusation. The allegation was that Mr. SUMNER by not reporting the treaties to the Senate kept them out of its power, and prevented its action upon them. The records show that he did report them, and placed them in possession of the Senate. Mr. DAVIS now says that the custom is to await the chairman's action. But the business is then in possession of the Senate. If the chairman obstructs, any member may call up the report. And if in the case of Mr. SUMNER the public business was injured by the delay of the chairman, every Senator who acquiesced was equally negligent and dilatory. Thus the distinct charge that Mr. SUMNER smothered public business in his committee, and General GRANT'S assertion, founded upon that misstatement, that he told falsehoods about it, are officially and completely disproved. The only defense attempted is a change of the accusation, and an appeal to inaccessible evidence, which, were it produced, and proved any thing injurious, would involve other Senators as much as Mr. SUMNER. The question remains, Who originated a calumny which could be exposed only by the secret records of the Senate, and for what purpose was it invented? General GRANT knew only what he was told, and Mr. FISH is incapable of foul play. But surely if the *Herald* reporter misrepresented General GRANT, or if, as he must now see, he was misinformed, he will not hesitate, when opportunity offers, to acknowledge his mistake; while Mr. FISH, who may easily have been the victim of the same misinformation, can not accept Mr. DAVIS'S statement that Mr. SUMNER did not call up the treaties in the Senate as an explanation of the assertion that "a large number of treaties had failed to receive the consideration of the committee." The other reason that Mr. DAVIS now offers for the removal of Mr. SUMNER from his chairmanship we do not here consider, except to say that it did not satisfy Mr. SHERMAN, who could have had no personal motive not to coincide in the removal. Who invented the calumny of the failure to report the treaties, and for what purpose was it invented?

COLLECTOR ARTHUR'S LETTER.

COLLECTOR ARTHUR, of New York, has written a review of the reports of the JAY commission of inquiry, in which he makes some interesting and suggestive statements. He holds the elements of a correct civil service system to be, first, permanence of tenure, which of course prevents removals except for cause; second, promotion; third, prompt and thorough investigation of all complaints, and equally prompt punishment. He maintains that these principles have been more faithfully observed and more thoroughly carried out in the New York Custom-house under his administration "than in any other branch of the government either under the present or any past national Administration," and he cites the proof. Of 923 persons who held office on December 1, 1871, when he became Collector, 531 were still in office on May 1, 1877. This leaves 392 who have died or resigned or have been removed, which is an average of sixty-five in each year. The yearly percentage of removals for all causes has been only two and three-quarters per cent. Of the 392 appointments, 175 were made in strict conformity to the civil service rules of General GRANT. The other original appointments "are made precisely as in all other public offices, that is, upon the recommendation of persons who are known." Promotion, the Collector says, has been the uniform system, as proved by the evidence before the commission; and lastly, he alleges that all complaints have been promptly examined, and when found to be justified, offenders have been punished and removed.

The principles of a correct system which the Collector mentions are unquestionably sound, but by no means exhaustive. But it is a familiar fact that the efficiency of any reform depends not upon the letter of a rule, but upon the manner in which it is observed. Nothing was more evident to the framers of the rules to which the Collector alludes, and nothing was more constantly emphasized in all their deliberations and their conferences with the President, than that every thing depended upon good faith, and that, in the hands of an officer who was secretly hostile to the principle and object of the reform, the rules could readily be made to strengthen the very abuses which they were intended to correct. The manner in which this could be done is obvious. We will suppose an illustration. In the New York Custom-house the examining boards were composed of subordinates of the Collector. Nothing is easier or more probable, under such circumstances, than collusion. We certainly make no such accusation against the Collector or the board in question, but this was a defect so apparent—and so inevitable unless there were new laws, which the framers of the rules could not make—that Mr. JENCKES considered it necessarily fatal to the whole scheme. If the rules in question are carefully read, it will be seen that if they were enforced by those who heartily desired the object for which they were framed, they would be very efficient; but as they necessarily depended upon good faith, and were, of equal necessity, intrusted for execution to those who owed their places to party considerations, and who thought that such rules honestly enforced would be destructive of party ascendency and organization, it is plain that good results could not be assured. Take, again, for instance, the first element of a correct civil service as stated by the Collector in his letter—removals only for cause. Who is supposed to be the judge of "cause?" The Collector. Now Collector ARTHUR probably does not suppose that any of his predecessors, who, as he says, removed

annually twenty-eight per cent., or more than a quarter of the whole force, would agree that they had ever removed a single incumbent except for cause. Yet the "cause" in how many of those removals was really political pressure and superior personal influence? Thus the rule of no removal except for cause, when the removing power decides cause at his discretion, is simply removal at the will of that power. Hence the necessity of intrusting the power only to those who will recognize no illicit "cause."

Taking the Collector's statement exactly as he makes it, it is still impossible to admit that it necessarily shows a reform of system, even if it establishes that the system has been more reasonably administered by him. The primary complaint of the existing system is that appointments are not made for fitness, but for political or personal considerations. What says the Collector? "The fact is that original appointments are made precisely as in all other public offices, that is, upon the recommendation of persons who are known." Now test this by what we have said of good faith. A Collector heartily in favor of administering the Custom-house upon business principles would appoint a subordinate upon trusty recommendations, which he knew to be non-political, of qualification and character. A Collector who thinks that patronage belongs to the party, and that it is indispensable to efficient political organization, would appoint upon a certificate of fitness from a ward committee. The act would be absolutely and essentially different, yet in both cases the appointment would be made "upon the recommendation of persons who are known." Indeed, there is no great question in which the devil can be more effectually whipped around the stump than this of civil service reform.

There is another point of great importance which the Collector does not touch. A proper enforcement of the rule of no removal except for cause requires the removal by a Collector devoted to "business principles" of all those subordinates who hold places merely as payment for the political and party service which they are expected to render. The rule of "cause" enforced perfunctorily would suffer such incumbents to remain, and be cited as proofs of regard for sound principles. The same rule enforced in good faith would remove such officers as holding by an improper tenure. Once more, the Collector's statement to which we have referred—that the removals under his three immediate predecessors were twenty-eight per cent. annually—is sufficient evidence of the character of the system which it is proposed to reform. That statement is, of course, official and authentic. Under the existing system there is nothing but the discretion of the Collector to prevent the percentage rising to fifty and more. We do not need, we hope, to say that those who desire a real reform are not waging war upon Collector ARTHUR or Collector SIMMONS, but upon an evil system. If their removal is sought, it is because they have failed to give evidence of any hearty desire to effect, not a technical conformity to rules, which, as we have shown, can be easily evaded, but a reform of the system. As we have heretofore said, in the old antislavery times he would not have been thought a very sincere or a very sensible antislavery man who was willing to intrust antislavery measures to pro-slavery men, however honest they might be.

RE-OPENING THE QUESTION.

THE reported intention to re-open the Presidential question and to inquire into the title was a natural consequence of Mr. CHANDLER's letter. We doubt, however, if a serious effort to that end will be made. If it should be, it would tend only to the further division of the Republican party, and it would produce singular alliances. On the one hand would be the irreconcilable Republicans and the irreconcilable Democrats of the closing days of the last Congress, and on the other the real leadership, intelligence, and weight of the Democratic party with the Republicans who sustain the Administration. It is not a question which the good sense of the country wishes to disturb. The situation of the last winter was deplorable, and the solution was hailed as most fortunate for every national interest. Morally speaking, it is undoubtedly true that the conviction of fraud on one side is set off by that of violence on the other; and the true course for Congress is to accept a conclusion which the country has accepted, and take good care to provide a constitutional electoral method which will adjust the practical difficulties which experience has disclosed.

There are questions of the gravest importance before the country in which every interest is vitally concerned, and it is to these that the attention of Congress should be addressed. The financial question in its various aspects, including the revision of the tariff, which it is understood will be proposed by the Committee on Ways and Means, is the subject of commanding importance, for it involves the re-establishment of confidence which the silver agitation and the suggested repeal of the Resumption Act necessarily disturb. The intimation of Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR in his memorial to the Maryland Legislature that the imputation of fraud in the settlement of the electoral question last year is in great part the cause of the business prostration is ludicrous, but nothing more. This charge has undoubtedly no influence whatever upon the situation, and is fully understood to be just what it is—a cry for another campaign. There was never an important public action more gladly and generally accepted than the decision of the electoral tribunal.

It is none the less the imperative duty of Congress to prevent the recurrence of the trouble of last year. It is now ascertained that vital questions may arise under the existing provisions for a Presidential election for which there is no remedy in the laws or the Constitution. It is not often the fortune of a country to become practically aware of such a want and to escape peacefully, and it is not to be assumed that patriotism will always enable us to avoid the catastrophe involved in the defect. As a measure of practical politics the re-opening of the Presidential question could have but one result, and that is, general confusion. The decision of any question of law that might be raised would necessarily rest with the Supreme Court, and it is hardly doubtful what that decision would be.

THE SILVER MADNESS.

THERE have been some significant declarations in favor of honest finance during the recess of Congress, and the more the silver question is considered, the more plainly the consequences of its unlimited legal tender quality appear. The argument upon which the unlimited silver advocates greatly rely is the appeal to the debtor class, who are sure, it is alleged, to be benefited by the measure. It is assumed that bloated capitalists and bond-holders are the creditor class, and that they may be made to suffer without compunction. But who are really the creditor class? The great laboring interest of the country, the men and women who receive daily and weekly and monthly wages. If we should say roughly that there are eight or ten millions of persons who are receiving a dollar per day, it is easy to calculate the amount paid to them weekly in wages. And what is the amount of interest on the bonds compared to that? The scheme to make silver an unlimited tender is a proposition to pay the laborer ninety-two cents with which to buy a dollar's worth of flour. It is upon the very class which is invoked to support the bill that its consequences will fall most heavily.

The bankers of New York, who hold trusts from persons of every kind and in sums of every amount, have taken united action to consider how to preserve these trusts from the serious decline sure to follow the passage of the bill, and the New Orleans Clearing-house Association have put forth the most emphatic declarations against the proposed silver inflation, while the new South Carolina Senator, General M. C. BUTLER, has distinctly announced his opposition to the repeal of the Resumption Act, although he reserves his opinion upon the Silver Bill. These facts show that the division upon the question is not sectional, and that there are views as sound in the Southern States as in the Northern. This relieves the sectional aspect, although the actual position can be known only by the final vote.

The political aspect is more evident. The selection of a Democratic Senator in Ohio, which is proceeding as we write, apparently depends upon the strongest expression of contempt for all that is honorable in the public faith and sound in financial science. The bill can pass the House only by the consent of the Democratic majority, which can not avoid the responsibility of its action, and there is no doubt that the Democratic party is very much more deeply tainted with the madness than the Republican. But, on the other hand, the Republicans are still responsible for the action of the Senate, and conspicuous Republicans are leaders in the silver inflation crusade, while conspicuous Democrats are among its ablest opponents. The Republican papers that advocate this form of repudiation assert that the party may differ upon the subject within itself. But what is to be thought of a situation in which those who hold absolutely irreconcilable views upon a pressing and cardinal measure of public policy call themselves by the same party name? There is much said about the necessity of government by party, but those who understand what this really means will be the first to comprehend the perilous uncertainty of the situation. When a Republican or a Democrat finds that his nominal opponent heartily agrees with him upon a vital question, it is difficult for him to understand why they do not belong to the same party.

PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES N. MATHEWS, for many years editor of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, has purchased the Buffalo *Express*, and become its editor. Mr. MATHEWS some twenty odd years ago was part proprietor of the *Express*, and was known throughout the country as having a taste and practical talent for the finer kinds of fancy printing not surpassed by that of any man in the country. After he became one of the proprietors of the Buffalo *Commercial*, he developed strong abilities as an editor, and is now among the concededly ablest editors in the State.

—JOSEPH FAULKNER has just died at Windsor, Nova Scotia, at the age of one hundred and two years and ten months. He was one of the crew of the *Shannon* when she fought her celebrated battle with the *Chesapeake*—a fight in which, as the saying goes, "our people didn't appear to take much interest." It was one of the most sanguinary naval combats of the war of 1812, in which the gallant LAWRENCE fell, exclaiming, "Don't give up the ship."

—A large portion of the lighter and briefer business before the United States Supreme Court at Washington is done by comparatively few persons. Of these Mr. SIDNEY BARTLETT, of Boston, is said to stand at the head. He is noted for the perfect lucidity of his statements. Ex-Senator CARPENTER, of Wisconsin, is probably the most brilliant pleader, and has the most lucrative practice—$50,000 or $80,000 a year. Senator EDMUNDS is one of the most successful lawyers, and highly regarded by the judges. B. F. BUTLER has also a very considerable practice. Mr. Justice MILLER is said to write the clearest and most convincing opinions.

—Ex-United States Senator TRUMAN SMITH, of Connecticut, now eighty-six years old, retains all his mental vigor, and argued an important case in court at Roxbury, Connecticut, recently.

—The Manchester *Guardian* announces the engagement of the Earl of Rosebery to Miss HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD, the only child and heiress of Baron MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD, who died in 1874. The widow of the baron died last year on board of her yacht at Nice, leaving Miss DE ROTHSCHILD, who is now twenty-five years of age, sole mistress of her great fortune. The earl, now about thirty, and the baron were warm personal friends. The daughter is a most accomplished and amiable woman, widely known and warmly loved for her simplicity of character and unaffected charity and kindness of heart. Lord ROSEBERY is one of the ablest men of his years, and one of the best speakers in the House of Lords. His personal relations with the Earl of Beaconsfield, who has a great fondness for clever young men, are extremely pleasant, and the Premier has often expressed his regret that so promising a recruit should belong to his adversaries. Last year he was visited at Dalmeny—his seat near Edinburgh—by Queen VICTORIA.

—Governor M'CREERY, of Kentucky, in his recent Message to the Legislature, says, "The grave that contains the remains of ex-President ZACHARY TAYLOR is in Jefferson County, in sight of the tall spires of the metropolis of Kentucky, and is unmarked by a monument." General TAYLOR had fought on nearly one hundred battle-fields, and his services to the country won for him the Presidency. The Governor recommends that his remains be removed by Kentucky to the State military lot in the cemetery at Frankfort, and the Legislature pass a resolution calling upon Congress to erect a monument over his grave.

—Mr. M'CORMICK, the chief representative of the United States at the Paris Exhibition, has, at the special request of President HAYES, invited Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, to accept the position of Honorary Commissioner. The compliment could not have been more appropriately bestowed. The bounteous hospitality extended by Mr. CHILDS to persons of distinction in the United States, and especially to those from foreign countries, was one of the notable and most agreeable features of the Philadelphia Exhibition. We may be sure that it will be repeated in Paris.

—ELBRIDGE GERRY HALL, a lineal descendant of ELBRIDGE GERRY the signer of the Declaration of Independence, died a few days since in Oakland, Maryland, at the age of sixty years. He had represented his town in the Legislature, and was largely engaged in business.

—The relative wealth and income of the three most opulent men living—the Duke of Westminster, ROTHSCHILD, and Mr. MACKEY the Bonanza King—has been reduced to figures as follows:

	Duke of Westminster.	Rothschild.	Mackey.
Capital	£16,000,000 00s.	£40,000,000	£55,000,000
Per year	800,000 00	2,000,000	2,750,000
Per month ..	60,000 00	170,000	200,000
Per day	2,000 00	5,000	7,000
Per hour	90 00	200	300
Per minute ..	1 10	4	5

—Mr. EDMUND YATES, in the last number of the London *World*, gives a pleasant sketch of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS as he appears at home, from which we quote this paragraph: "On his writing-table Mr. COLLINS has a japanned tin box containing what he calls his stock in trade—plots and schemes for stories and dramas. He is a rapid inventor and a slow producer, constantly revising his work, until he has reached something approaching his ideal of a simple, natural style. 'I don't,' he admits, 'attempt the style of ADDISON, because I hardly think it worth while. ADDISON was a neat but trivial writer, not in the least vigorous or dramatic, but the very reverse—analytical and painfully minute. His style bears about as much resemblance to good, strong, nervous English as silver filigree does to a bronze statue. Lord BYRON's letters are the best English I know of—perfectly simple and clear, bright and strong.' It is related of COLLINS's boyhood that when placed at school at Highbury, after a residence of three years on the Continent, his mates despised him as 'a French frog,' because of his superior knowledge of the French and Italian languages. In this awkward position little COLLINS was lucky enough to secure the favor of a big boy by telling him stories, and the big fellow protected him on account of this amusing quality. If, however, the young story-teller fell short at any time, and could not produce a story to order, his protector and tyrant had an infallible method for stimulating invention, being of opinion that a sound thrashing has an excellent effect in quickening the action of the brain."

—Mr. THEODORE MARTIN, whose third volume of the *Life of the Prince Consort* has just been published in England, is sixty-one years old, and has led a life of constant literary and business activity. At the age of thirty he quitted Edinburgh, where he was born, and settled in London as a Parliamentary agent, and soon acquired a large practice of the best kind, which he still retains. At the same time he became a prominent contributor to the leading magazines, and won fine reputation as the author of the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*. In 1861 he married the celebrated actress Miss HELEN FAUCIT, a lady whose womanly grace and worth are as pre-eminent as her public career was spotlessly blameless and exceptionally brilliant. In 1867 he was asked to write the life of the Prince Consort, which he at first declined; but it was subsequently pressed upon him in more urgent terms, and he entered upon the work which has been so admirably done. Mr. MARTIN and his gifted wife are highly valued in the best literary and social circles of Great Britain. He is a fine conversationalist, and has quaint humor. He has a fine country-seat in Denbighshire, where he has considerable landed property, and does his share of justices' work on the bench at Llangollen.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: Both Houses re-assembled on the 10th. Senator Edmunds submitted a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, prohibiting the States from making appropriations for sectarian purposes, the provisions of which are similar to those of the amendment proposed in the session of 1875-76. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The Senate resumed the consideration of the Matthews resolution declaring the right of the government to pay the bonds in silver. Senator Sargent, of California, offered a joint resolution proposing a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the States from disfranchising persons on account of sex.—The House, on the 11th, by a vote of 111 to 107, passed Mr. Wood's resolution authorizing unlimited investigations by the several Congressional committees.

The Hon. Montgomery Blair, in the Maryland House of Delegates, on the 8th, introduced a memorial praying that Congress shall adopt the necessary legislation to allow the validity of President Hayes's title to be tested in the courts. A motion to table the memorial was defeated by a vote of 13 to 54, and the paper went to the Committee on Federal Relations.

The New Hampshire Republican State Convention met at Concord, on the 9th, and renominated Governor B. F. Prescott. The Cincinnati platform was re-adopted, and the following resolutions, among others, were passed:

"*Resolved*, That we recognize the paramount duty of President Hayes to render these high and solemn professions actual and living realities; and while we admit an honest difference of opinion in respect to his past acts, we welcome and approve his patriotic and sincere efforts to keep faith with the people, and secure to the whole country the blessings of a just, efficient, and honest Republican national administration.

"*Resolved*, That we condemn as recreant and ruinous the second attempt of the Democratic House of Representatives to destroy the Resumption Act, and thus render abortive years of anxiety and waiting and praying to make the greenback dollar the equal of the gold dollar in its capacity to reward labor and pay the public creditor.

"*Resolved*, That we disapprove and denounce any legislation, open or disguised, tending to repudiate the public debt in whole or in part; that we deem a change in the standard of values, by making the depreciated silver dollar a legal tender for all public and private indebtedness, a violation of the rights of property, a repudiation of government contracts, and a wrong done to labor, criminal in its nature and dishonorable to the nation; and we call on the President to use the veto, if it becomes necessary, as did his courageous predecessor, to shield the national honor from legislation that threatens to wound and blast it."

The bank officers of New York and Boston, the leading trust and insurance companies, and prominent merchants and citizens met at the Clearing-house in this city, on the 9th, in opposition to the Bland Silver Bill. Addresses were made, resolutions adopted, and a committee was appointed to memorialize Congress against the passage of the pending Silver Bill, and to urge merchants, traders, and manufacturers of the country to place their affairs on a gold basis, in whole or in part.

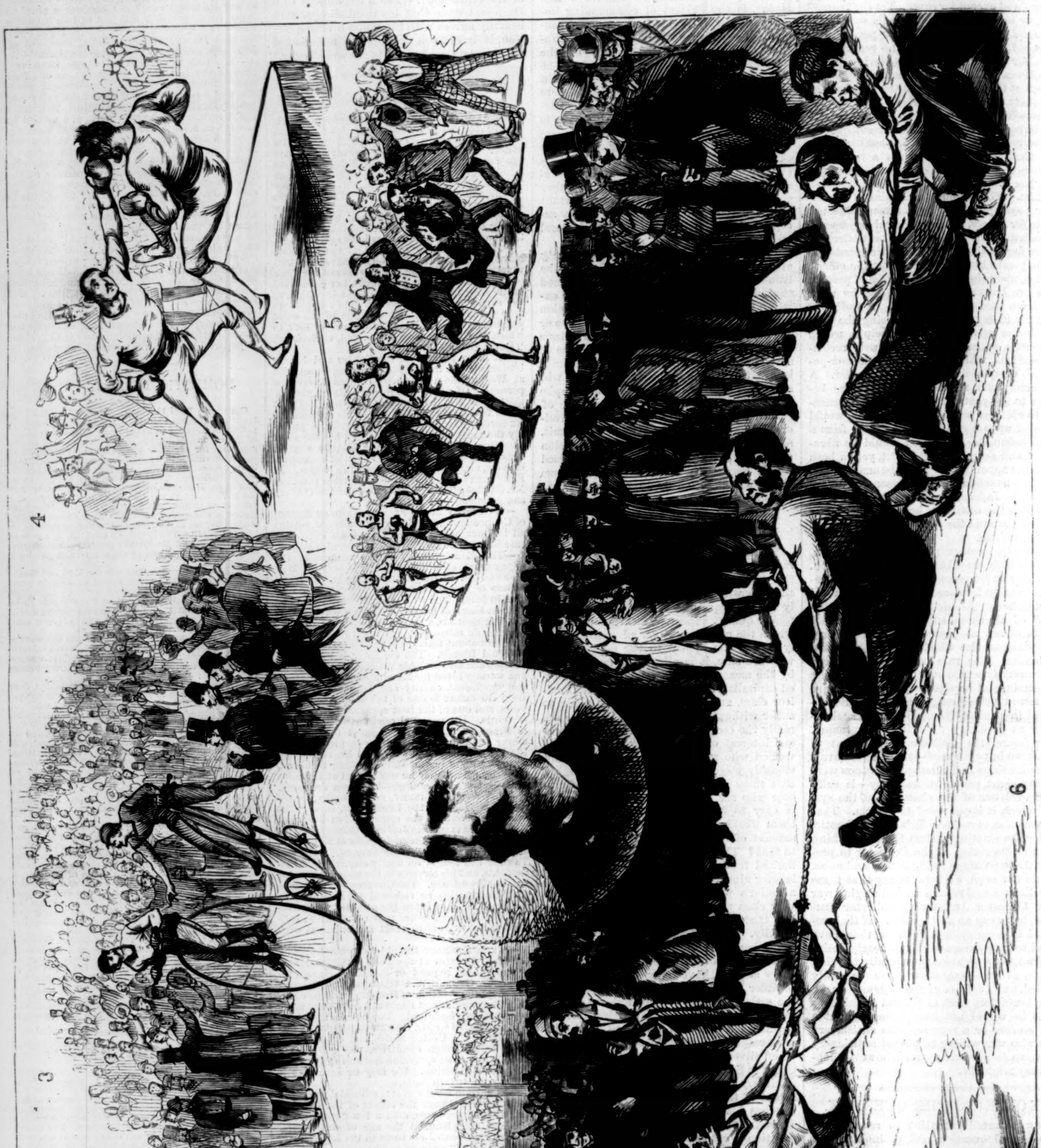
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The Turkish commander-in-chief, on the 9th, in obedience to the orders of his government, notified the Russian head-quarters at Lovatz that he was empowered to arrange the bases of an armistice, and that Mehemet Ali had been designated as the eventual Turkish plenipotentiary. The Grand Duke Nicholas acknowledged the receipt of the communication, adding that he would report the matter to St. Petersburg, but that an armistice must be based upon conditions of peace.—The Russians continue their activity in the field, and during the week two grand victories were won by them. On the 3d, Sophia was captured, after a skirmish in which the Russians lost only twenty-four men, and, on the 9th, General Radetzky captured the whole Turkish army defending the Shipka Pass. The following is the Grand Duke Nicholas's official report of the latter achievement: "I am happy to congratulate your Majesty upon a brilliant victory gained this day. General Radetzky has, after desperate fighting, captured the whole Turkish army defending Shipka Pass, consisting of forty-one battalions, ten batteries, and one regiment of cavalry. Prince Mirsky has occupied Kazanlik. General Skobeleff holds Shipka." From Shipka the victorious Russians pressed toward Adrianople, the inhabitants fleeing before them.—Nissa was surrendered to the Servians, on the 11th, with 8000 men, 90 cannon, 12,000 rifles, and many flags. Antivari surrendered unconditionally to the Montenegrins on the 10th.—Hamdi Pasha has been appointed Grand Vizier, in place of Edhem Pasha, resigned.

The Japanese special court has concluded the trials of the rebels concerned in the recent Satsuma revolt. Of 38,163 persons tried, 295 were acquitted, 35,918 pardoned, 20 fined, 117 deprived of rank, 1793 sentenced to imprisonment for terms of from thirty days to ten years, and 20 condemned to death.

The triennial municipal elections were held throughout France on the 6th inst. In Paris seventy-three Councillors out of eighty are Republicans, four Conservatives, and three second ballots are necessary. Previously there were ten Conservatives. In the provincial towns the Republicans were generally successful. On the 10th, M. Grévy was re-elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, and the Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier was re-elected President of the Senate.

Four notable deaths are reported from abroad: Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, died on the 9th inst.; General Cousin-Montauban, Comte de Palikao, and François Vincent Raspail, the French chemist and politician, died in Paris on the 8th, and the Marquis of Ailesbury on the 6th.



POLICE ATHLETICS.—From Sketches by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 78.]

1. Portrait of Captain Williams. 2. Collar and Elbow Wrestling Match. 3. Bicycle Race. 4. Sparring Match. 5. One-mile Walk—Pilkington Winner. 6. Tug of War between Broadway Squad and Scotch Athletic Club.

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

II.—SECOND DAY.—THE STRUGGLE.

VIII.

MOUNT VALÉRIEN.

OF the two hundred and thirty Representative prisoners at the barracks of the Quay d'Orsay, fifty-three had been sent to Mount Valérien. They loaded them in four police vans. Some few remained who were packed in an omnibus. MM. Benoist d'Azy, Falloux, Piscatory, Vatimesnil, were locked in the wheeled cells, as also Eugène Sue and Esquiros. The worthy M. Gustave de Beaumont, a great upholder of the cellular system, rode in a celled vehicle. It is not an undesirable thing, as we have said, that the legislator should taste of the law.

The Commandant of Mount Valérien appeared under the archway of the fort to receive the Representative prisoners.

He at first made some show of registering them in the jailer's book. General Oudinot, under whom he had served, rebuked him severely:

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, general."

"Well, then, let that suffice. Ask no more."

"Yes," said Tamisier. "Ask more, and salute. We are more than the Army; we are France."

The Commandant understood. From that moment he was hat in hand before the generals, and bowed low before the Representatives.

They led them to the barracks of the fort and shut them up promiscuously in a dormitory, to which they added fresh beds, and which the soldiers had just quitted. They spent their first night there. The beds touched each other. The sheets were dirty.

Next morning, owing to a few words which had been heard outside, the rumor spread among them that the fifty-three were to be sorted, and that the Republicans were to be placed by themselves. Shortly afterward the rumor was confirmed. Madame De Luynes gained admission to her husband, and brought some items of news. It was asserted, among other things, that the Keeper of the Seals of the *Coup d'État*, the man who signed himself Eugène Rouher, "Minister of Justice," had said, "Let them set the men of the Right at liberty, and send the men of the Left to the dungeon. If the populace stirs, they will answer for every thing. As a guarantee for the submission of the Faubourgs, we shall have the head of the Reds."

We do not believe that M. Rouher uttered these words, in which there is so much audacity. At that moment M. Rouher did not possess any. Appointed Minister on the 2d December, he temporized, he exhibited a vague prudery, he did not venture to install himself in the Place Vendôme. Was all that was being done quite correct? In certain minds the doubt of success changes into scruples of conscience. To violate every law, to perjure one's self, to strangle Right, to assassinate the country—are all these proceedings wholly honest? While the deed is not accomplished, they hesitate. When the deed has succeeded, they throw themselves upon it. Where there is victory, there is no longer treason; nothing serves like success to cleanse and render acceptable that unknown thing which is called crime. During the first moments, M. Rouher reserved himself. Later on, he has been one of the most violent advisers of Louis Bonaparte. It is all very simple. His fear beforehand explains his subsequent zeal.

The truth is, that these threatening words had been spoken not by Rouher, but by Persigny.

M. De Luynes imparted to his colleagues what was in preparation, and warned them that they would be asked for their names in order that the white sheep might be separated from the scarlet goats. A murmur which seemed to be unanimous arose. These generous manifestations did honor to the Representatives of the Right.

"No! no! Let us name no one; let us not allow ourselves to be sorted," exclaimed M. Gustave De Beaumont.

M. de Vatimesnil added: "We have come in here all together, we ought to go out all together."

Nevertheless, a few moments afterward Antony Thouret was informed that a list of names was being secretly prepared, and that the Royalist Representatives were invited to sign it. They attributed, doubtless wrongly, this unworthy resolution to the honorable M. De Falloux.

Antony Thouret spoke somewhat warmly in the centre of the group, which were muttering together in the dormitory.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a list of names is being prepared. This would be an unworthy action. Yesterday, at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, you said to us: 'There is no longer Left or Right; we are the Assembly.' You believed in the victory of the People, and you sheltered yourselves behind us Republicans. To-day you believe in the victory of the *Coup d'État*, and you would again become Royalists, to deliver us up—us Democrats! Truly excellent. Very well! Pray do so."

A universal shout arose.

"No! no! No more Right or Left! All are the Assembly. The same lot for all!"

The list which had been begun was seized and burned.

"By decision of the Chamber," said M. De Vatimesnil, smiling.

A Legitimist Representative added:

"Of the Chamber? No; let us say of the Chambered."

A few moments afterward the Commissary of the fort appeared, and in polite phrases, which, however, savored somewhat of authority, invited each of the Representatives of the People to declare his name, in order that each might be allotted to his ultimate destination.

A shout of indignation answered him.

"No one! No one will give his name," said General Oudinot.

Gustave de Beaumont added:

"We all bear the same name: Representatives of the People."

The Commissary saluted them and went away.

After two hours he came back. He was accompanied this time by the Chief of the Ushers of the Assembly, a man named Duponceau, a species of arrogant fellow with a red face and white hair, who on grand days strutted at the foot of the Tribune with a silvered collar, a chain over his stomach, and a sword between his legs.

The Commissary said to Duponceau:

"Do your duty."

What the Commissary meant, and what Duponceau understood by this word *duty*, was that the Usher should denounce the Legislators. Like the lackey who betrays his masters.

It was done in this manner:

This Duponceau dared to look in the faces of the Representatives by turn, and he named them one after the other to a policeman, who took notes of them.

The Sieur Duponceau was sharply castigated while holding this review.

"M. Duponceau," said M. Vatimesnil to him, "I always thought you an idiot, but I believed you to be an honest man."

The severest rebuke was administered by Antony Thouret. He looked Sieur Duponceau in the face, and said to him, "You deserve to be named Dupin."

The Usher, in truth, was worthy of being the President, and the President was worthy of being the Usher.

The flock having been counted, the classification having been made, there were found to be thirteen goats, ten Representatives of the Left—Eugène Sue, Esquiros, Antony Thouret, Pascal Duprat, Chanay, Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, Benoît, Tamisier, Teillard Latérisse—and three members of the Right, who since the preceding day had suddenly become Red in the eyes of the *Coup d'État*—Oudinot, Piscatory, and Thuriot de la Rosière.

They confined these separately, and they set at liberty one by one the forty who remained.

IX.

THE LIGHTNING BEGINS TO FLASH AMONG THE PEOPLE.

THE evening wore a threatening aspect.

Groups were formed on the Boulevards. As night advanced they grew larger, and became mobs, which speedily mingled together, and only formed one crowd—an enormous crowd, re-enforced and agitated by tributary currents from the side streets jostling one against another, surging, stormy, and whence ascended an ominous hum. This hubbub resolved itself into one word, into one name, which issued simultaneously from every mouth, and which expressed the whole of the situation: "Soulouque!"* Throughout that long line from the Madeleine to the Bastille, the roadway nearly every where, except (was this on purpose?) at the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin, was occupied by the soldiers—infantry and cavalry, ranged in battle order, the artillery batteries being harnessed: on the pavements on each side of this motionless and gloomy mass, bristling with cannon, swords, and bayonets, flowed a torrent of angry people. On all sides public indignation prevailed. Such was the aspect of the Boulevards. At the Bastille there was a dead calm.

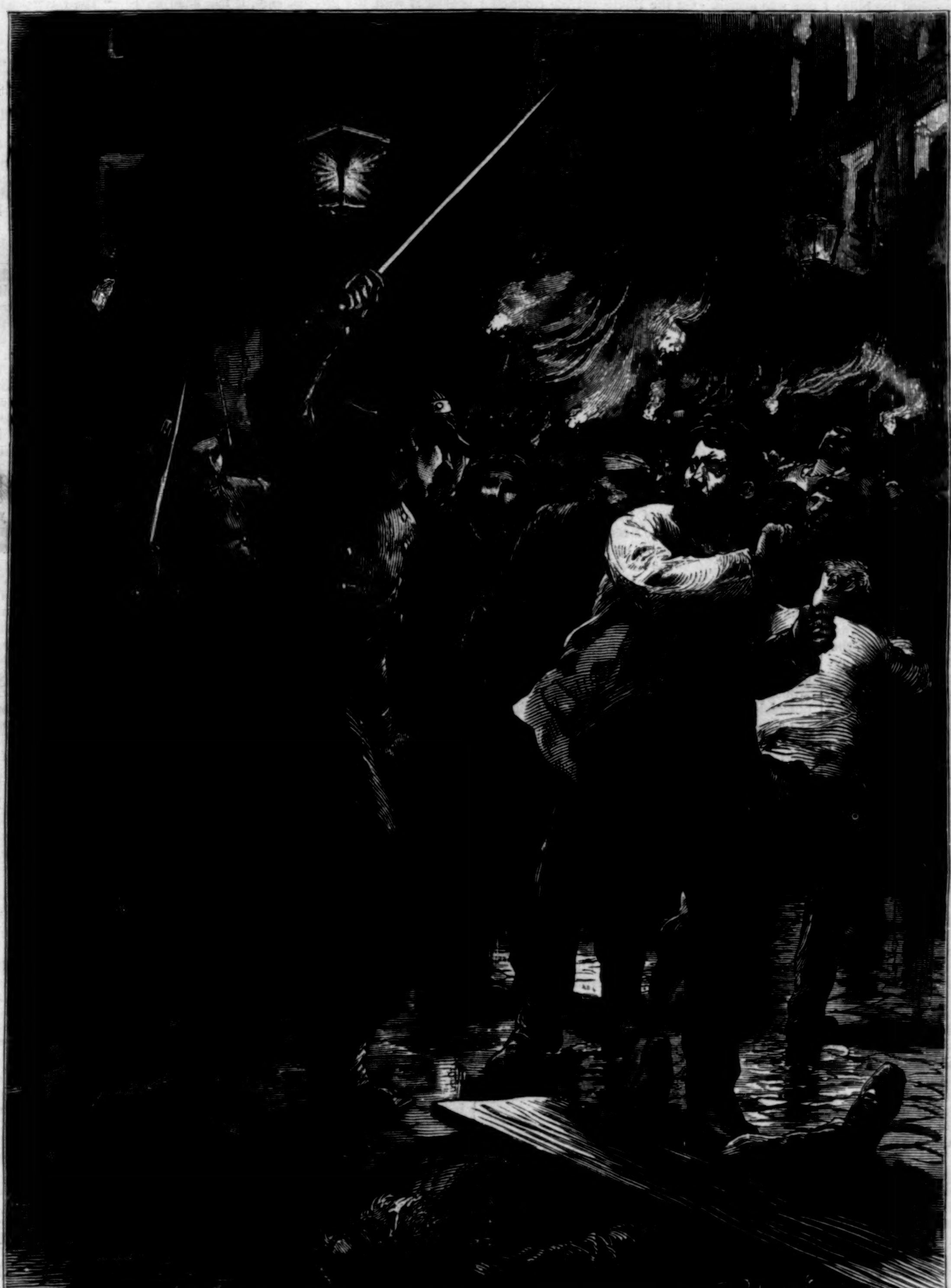
At the Porte St. Martin, the crowd, hemmed together and uneasy, spoke in low tones. Groups of workmen talked in whispers. The Society of the 10th December made some efforts there. Men in white blouses, a sort of uniform which the police assumed during those days, said: "Let us leave them alone; let the 'Twenty-five francs' settle it among themselves! They deserted us in June, 1848; to-day let them get out of the difficulty alone! It does not concern us!" Other blouses, blue blouses, answered them: "We know what we have to do. This is only the beginning; wait and see."

Others told how the barricades of the Rue Aumaire were being rebuilt, how a large number of persons had already been killed there, how they fired without any summons, how the soldiers were drunk, how at various points in the district there were ambulances already crowded with killed and wounded. All this was said seriously, without loud speaking, without gesture, in a confidential tone. From time to time the crowd were silent and listened, and distant firing was heard.

The groups said, "Now they are beginning to tear down the curtain."

We were holding Permanent Session at Marie's house in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs. Promises of co-operation poured in upon us from every side. Several of our colleagues, who had not been able to find us on the previous day, had joined us—among others, Emanuel Arago, gallant son of an illustrious father; Farconnet and Roussel (de l'Yonne), and some Parisian celebrities, among whom was the young and already well-known defender of the *Avènement du Peuple*, M. Desmarets.

Two eloquent men, Jules Favre and Alexandre Rey, seated at a large table near the window of the small room, were drawing up a Proclamation to the National Guard. In the large room, Sain, seated in an arm-chair, his feet on the dog-irons, drying his wet boots before a huge fire, said, with that calm and courageous smile which he wore in the Tribune, "Things are looking badly for us, but well for the Republic. Martial law is proclaimed; it will be carried out with ferocity, above all, against us. We are laid in wait for, followed, tracked; there is little probability that we shall escape. To-day, to-morrow, perhaps in



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN THE RUE DE GRAVILLIERS.

"A squad of twenty *sergents de ville* suddenly emerging from a narrow street rushed with drawn swords upon the men who were carrying the litters, and overturned the corpses into the mud."

* A popular nickname for Louis Bonaparte. Faustin Soulouque was the negro Emperor of Hayti, who, when President of the Republic, had carried out a somewhat similar *coup d'état* in 1848, being subsequently elected Emperor. He treated the Republicans with great cruelty, putting most of them to death.

ten minutes, there will be a miniature massacre of Representatives. We shall be taken here or elsewhere, shot down on the spot or killed with bayonet-thrusts. They will parade our corpses, and we must hope that that will at length raise the people and overthrow Bonaparte. We are dead, but Bonaparte is lost."

At eight o'clock, as Émile de Girardin had promised, we received from the printing-office of the *Presse* five hundred copies of the decree of deposition and of outlawry, indorsing the judgment of the High Court, and with all our signatures attached. It was a placard twice as large as one's hand, and printed on paper used for proofs. Noël Parfait brought us the five hundred copies, still damp, between his waistcoat and his shirt. Thirty Representatives divided the bills among them, and we sent them on the Boulevards to distribute the Decree to the People.

The effect of this decree falling in the midst of the crowd was marvelous. Some *cafés* had remained open: people eagerly snatched the bills; they pressed round the lighted shop windows; they crowded under the street lamps. Some mounted on curb-stones or on tables, and read aloud the Decree. "That is it! Bravo!" cried the People. "The signatures! The signatures!" they shouted. The signatures were read out, and at each popular name the crowd applauded. Charamaule, merry and indignant, wandered through the groups distributing copies of the Decree; his great stature, his loud and bold words, the packet of handbills which he raised and waved above his head, caused all hands to be stretched out toward him. "Shout, 'Down with Soulouque!'" said he, "and you shall have some." All this in the presence of the soldiers. Even a sergeant of the line, noticing Charamaule, stretched out his hand for one of those bills which Charamaule was distributing. "Sergeant," said Charamaule to him, "cry, 'Down with Soulouque!'" The sergeant hesitated for a moment, and answered, "No." "Well, then," replied Charamaule, "shout, 'Long live Soulouque!'" This time the sergeant did not hesitate; he raised his sword, and, amidst bursts of laughter and of applause, he resolutely shouted, "Long live Soulouque!"

The reading of the Decree added a gloomy warmth to the popular anger. They set to work on all sides to tear down the placards of the *Coup d'État*. At the door of the Café des Variétés a young man cried out to the officers, "You are drunk!" Some workmen on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle shook their fists at the soldiers, and said, "Fire, then, you cowards, on unarmed men! If we had guns, you would throw the butts of your muskets in the air!" Charges of cavalry began to be made in front of the Café Cardinal.

As there were no troops on the Boulevard St. Martin and the Boulevard du Temple, the crowd was more compact there than elsewhere. All the shops were shut there; the street lamps alone gave any light. Against the glass of the unlighted windows heads might be dimly seen peering out. Darkness produced silence; this multitude, as we have already said, was hushed; there was only heard a confused whispering.

Suddenly a light, a noise, an uproar, burst forth from the entrance of the Rue St. Martin. Every eye was turned in that direction; a profound upheaving agitated the crowd; they rushed forward; they pressed against the railings of the high pavements which border the cutting before the theatres of the Porte St. Martin and the Ambigu. A moving mass was seen, and an approaching light. Voices were singing. This formidable chorus was recognized:

"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!"

Lighted torches were coming; it was the "Marseillaise," that other torch of revolution and of warfare, which was blazing.

The crowd made way for the mob which carried the torches, and which were singing. The mob reached the St. Martin cutting, and entered it. It was then seen what this mournful procession meant. The mob was composed of two distinct groups. The first carried on its shoulders a plank, on which could be seen stretched an old man with a white beard, stark, the mouth open, the eyes fixed, and with a hole in his forehead. The swinging movement of the bearers shook the corpse, and the dead head rose and fell in a threatening and pathetic manner. One of the men who carried him, pale, and wounded in the breast, placed his hand to his wound, leaned against the feet of the old man, and at times himself appeared ready to fall. The other group bore a second litter, on which a young man was stretched, his countenance pale and his eyes closed, his shirt stained, open over his breast, displaying his wounds. While bearing the two litters, the groups sang. They sang the "Marseillaise;" and at each chorus they stopped and raised their torches, crying, "To arms!" Some young men waved drawn swords. The torches shed a lurid light on the pallid foreheads of the corpses, and on the livid faces of the crowd. A shudder ran through the people. It appeared as though they again saw the terrible vision of February, 1848.

This gloomy procession came from the Rue Aumaire. About eight o'clock some thirty workmen gathered together from the neighborhood of the markets, the same who on the next day raised the barricade of the Guérin-Boisseau, reached the Rue Aumaire by the Rue de Petit Lion, the Rue Neuve-Bourg-l'Abbé, and the Carré St. Martin. They came to fight, but here the combat was at an end. The infantry had withdrawn after having pulled down the barricades. Two corpses, an old man of seventy and a young man of five-and-twenty, lay at the corner of the street on the ground, with uncovered faces, their bodies in a pool of blood, their heads on the pavement where they had fallen. Both were dressed in overcoats, and seemed to belong to the middle class. The old man had his hat by his side; he was a venerable figure, with a white beard, white hair, and a calm expression. A ball had pierced his skull.

The young man's breast was pierced with buck-shot. One was the father, the other the son. The son, seeing his father fall, had said, "I also will die." Both were lying side by side.

Opposite the gateway of the Conservatoire des Arts and Métiers there was a house in course of building. They fetched two planks from it, they laid the corpses on the planks, the crowd raised them upon their shoulders, they brought torches, and they began their march. In the Rue St. Denis a man in a white blouse barred the way. "Where are you going?" said he to them. "You will bring about disasters! You are helping the 'Twenty-five francs!'" "Down with the police! Down with the white blouse!" shouted the crowd. The man slunk away.

The mob swelled on its road; the crowd opened out and repeated the "Marseillaise" in chorus; but, with the exception of a few swords, no one was armed. On the Boulevard the emotion was intense. Women clasped their hands in pity. Workmen were heard to exclaim, "And to think that we have no arms!"

The procession, after having for some time followed the Boulevards, re-entered the streets, followed by a deeply affected and angry multitude. In this manner it reached the Rue des Gravilliers. Then a squad of twenty *sergents de ville* suddenly emerging from a narrow street, rushed with drawn swords upon the men who were carrying the litters, and overturned the corpses into the mud. A regiment of Chasseurs came up at the double, and put an end to the conflict with bayonet-thrusts. A hundred and two citizen prisoners were conducted to the Prefecture. The two corpses received several sword-cuts in the confusion, and were killed a second time. The brigadier Revial, who commanded the squad of the *sergents de ville*, received the Cross of Honor for this deed of arms.

At Marie's we were on the point of being surrounded. We decided to leave the Rue Croix des Petits Champs.

At the Élysée they commenced to tremble. The ex-commandant Fleury, one of the aids-de-camp of the Presidency, was summoned into the little room where M. Bonaparte had remained throughout the day. M. Bonaparte conferred a few moments alone with M. Fleury, then the aid-de-camp came out of the room, mounted his horse, and galloped off in the direction of Mazas.

After this the men of the *Coup d'État* met together in M. Bonaparte's room, and held counsel. Matters were visibly going badly; it was probable that the battle would end by assuming formidable proportions. Up to that time they had desired this; now they did not feel sure that they did not fear it. They pushed forward toward it, but they mistrusted it. There were alarming symptoms in the steadfastness of the resistance, and others not less serious in the cowardice of adherents. Not one of the new Ministers appointed during the morning had taken possession of his Ministry—a significant timidity on the part of people ordinarily so prompt to throw themselves upon such things. M. Rouher, in particular, had disappeared, no one knew where—a sign of tempest. Putting Louis Bonaparte on one side, the *Coup d'État* continued to rest solely upon three names—Morny, St. Arnaud, and Maupas. St. Arnaud answered for Magnan. Morny laughed, and said, in a whisper, "But does Magnan answer for St. Arnaud?" These men adopted energetic measures, they sent for new regiments; an order to the garrisons to march upon Paris was dispatched in the one direction as far as Cherbourg, and in the other as far as Maubeuge. These criminals, in the main deeply uneasy, sought to deceive each other. They assumed a cheerful countenance; all spoke of victory; each in the background arranged for flight, in secret and saying nothing, in order not to give the alarm to his compromised colleagues, so as, in case of failure, to leave the people some men to devour. For this little school of Machiavellian apes the hopes of a successful escape lie in the abandonment of their friends. During their flight they throw their accomplices behind them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A Shadow on the Threshold.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "UNDER THE WILL," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

STANDING just within the shop door, I watch father out of sight, just as I watched the children; then I go back to have my own breakfast with Lottie, if we can both be spared for it just then. And we can, for Aunt Charlotte is too moody and silent now to find employment for either of us. We too are unusually silent this morning, Lottie looking pale and tired enough, though it is so early, and I haunted ceaselessly by the memory that Philip is going away from me.

When our breakfast is over (it is always a brief meal enough, but to-day it is briefer than usual), Lottie helps me to carry the things down into the kitchen, then takes her sewing and sits where she can mind the shop, as well as be near enough to Aunt Charlotte to wait upon her, and to talk to her if she shall feel inclined to talk. I do not sing this morning as I go about my household work, but it is quite late on before I discover this fact, stopping and wondering over it then with a sort of solitary, self-pitying little laugh. I am dusting Aunt Charlotte's bedroom, and (without exactly knowing what thought follows my discovery) I go up to her glass and look at my own face. It is not changed. It looks no older than it did this morning, when I stood plaiting my hair, and romancing with Lottie upon happy impossibilities, while she sat up in bed screwing her courage for the final plunge out into the cold. Yet I never dreamed then of Philip going. Nor will I dream of it now, for if I do, oh, how heavily, how heavily, the hours will pass! And when father comes— No; not another thought shall come. What a blessing work is! I dare say many a girl's heart is saved from breaking, and many of her thoughts saved from bitterness, by daily tasks that must be done for others.

While the potatoes are steaming I run up to lay the cloth for dinner; and finding Lottie has done that for me, I stay a few minutes chatting by Aunt Charlotte's chair before I go down again to broil her chop. It is not an extra large or fine one, but as father brought it from town yesterday so cautiously and circumspectly, and as I have cooked it with the greatest care, it has such an intrinsic value in my eyes that I feel as if Aunt Charlotte must surely make some pleasant remark upon it. But she does not. There are plenty of potatoes for Lottie and me and the children, for we are all healthy, and can enjoy a meal of potatoes or bread and cheese most heartily. Lottie especially, because she is growing so fast that she is generally hungry; but, indeed, father says that I—though I am nearly nineteen (six years older than Lottie)—am growing too.

When I have washed up and put every thing away after dinner, and changed my frock, it is my turn to mind shop; so I get the waistcoat I am making for father and stitch at it, helping Lottie the while with her lessons. Poor little Lottie! These lessons of hers are a struggle for both of us, and I am sure she must know as well as I do (though she would never say it, never), that I am scarcely educated enough myself to help her, and that if it could be possible that father could afford to send her to school, she would soon be a very clever girl, as well as such a very happy one.

"Don't you ever wonder, Jean," she will say to me sometimes, but very seldom, "why things should be always hard for *us*, when they seem to be so smooth for other people? Oh, how it puzzles me when I see girls of my own age going to school so unwillingly, while I would think it such a great blessing! Jean, what are we to do? No one gives father any thing to do, and I don't wonder. Even *you* don't wonder, Jeanie, though you so persistently pretend you see no change in him, for he gets to look so weak and so—so old, poor father! No one comes into the shop, and of course they never will while every thing looks so new and tempting in the other windows in the street. No one takes our lodgings, and we can not advertise to bring people here. Aunt Charlotte is always groaning or complaining, and making every thing far more hard to bear even than it must be. You have hardly had any opportunities yourself, Jean, for learning. Poor father gets no time to help either of us, and we have no leisure time. There's no end to our work, Jean—yours and mine."

"I like the work, dear," I answer, quietly, "and better times will come."

"Your always saying that doesn't *bring* them, Jean," Lottie answers, in this quick, petulant way, so unusual with her, and so sad to hear. "How are better times to come? Will the things in the shop get newer and more salable while we wait for customers? Do those rooms we want to let grow more and more attractive, while we pay rent for them to be unoccupied? Will father be more likely to be engaged as he gets older and weaker? Doesn't Aunt Charlotte get harder and crosser every day? and don't the boys grow out of all their clothes, wearing every thing into holes, and always so hungry?"

"Always hungry and healthy," I say, thankfully. "And though there is nothing we can do just now to lessen our poverty, Lottie—because, though I am old enough to go out and earn money, I can not be spared—still we can make the best of it, dear, and try to make the work pleasant to each other."

Then Lottie has a passionate fit of crying, hiding her face upon my shoulder, where she can not see my tears, and blames herself cruelly for being fretful, and for—oh, for a hundred things for which she is not really one atom to blame. And she clings to me so lovingly, that I begin to wonder whether our love could be so great if our possessions were greater, and—it all seems very fair to me. There is an old agreement between us, that whenever we let our two rooms, Lottie shall go to an afternoon school, it being impossible to spare her for the whole day while Aunt Charlotte is so exacting, and while there is so much to do independent of her.

"But there will be more to do if we have lodgers," Lottie says, with a momentary qualm.

This idea I will not entertain for a moment. Perhaps we may be so wonderfully fortunate as to meet with a single gentleman who would be away all day. At any rate, it is no harm to assure Lottie how highly probable this is.

I am very busy all the afternoon over father's waistcoat, because I do so want it to be ready when he comes home. We always try to have a sort of little festival at night on his birthday.

Lottie has, after long saving, bought a bottle of sherry for him, and the little boys have clubbed their entire wealth to buy him a tie, over which (and the keeping of the great secret) they have had pleasure and excitement far beyond its value. So far Aunt Charlotte has not, apparently, remembered the day; and we are not surprised, because she is only his half-sister, and a great deal older than he is.

I fetch her one of the papers from the shop, and beg her to read to herself just this once, as I am so anxious to sew. And she takes it, and turns it over to look at the date, as if she fancies I have brought her a yesterday's *News*.

"Ninth of October! Why, bless me, girls, this is your father's birthday!" she says, laying the paper down on her knee, and looking from me, at my sewing, to Lottie bending over her copy-book. "Dear! dear! he must be fifty-five to-day; and yet I remember the old farm before he was born."

It is so unusual for Aunt Charlotte to speak gently to us, that in a moment Lottie looks up from her copy and I from my work. Will she tell us something of that old time at home, of which we know so very little? At first I think she will; but quite suddenly she turns her eyes away from us, and fixes them upon the fire, just in her heavy-hearted way. But I, dreading to see the old stiffness come back, question her softly as I go on with my sewing.

"You mean when you were all living together, Aunt Charlotte, in the Worcestershire farm?"

No answer; and without looking up, I see that Lottie goes back to her writing in despair. But I try again:

"The quarrel had not happened then; had it, Aunt Charlotte?"

"How can a person quarrel before he is born?"

"Do you mean," I ask, and I know it to be a very bold question, though a quiet one, "that the man who so wickedly caused the mischief between father and his brother was not born then?"

I can feel Aunt Charlotte's eyes upon me, very steady and very penetrating; and I am within an inch of succumbing, and letting her silence us by silence, as she has done so many hundreds of times before. But something gives me unusual courage this afternoon, and I frankly and coaxingly meet her gaze, and beg her to tell us of that quarrel.

"There is nothing to tell, child," she says, curtly, but not quite in her usual quenching way. "What can be told about a thing no one ever understood? Nothing ever came between the two brothers till Christian Murray grew so thick with your uncle. I don't know what it was for. What's the use of asking me? Steven—your father—should have roused himself, and found out. He would sleep through any mischief you chose to work him; so he deserves it. Why did he stand by, like a baby, and see this man weaning his elder brother's heart from him?"

"If my uncle had been true and honorable himself, he never could have been influenced that way against his younger brother," I say, hotly. But Aunt Charlotte does not seem to hear me.

"Murray succeeded in every thing he tried. He persuaded your uncle to sell the old farm (which he, as eldest son, had a right to do), and then to go out with him to Australia—then, you see, when your uncle was abundantly supplied with money. And the coldness to Steven—above all, the injustice to him in taking the means of livelihood from him—was never explained. Those are the bare facts, and who can give you more? Men can be so utterly blind at times, else why would not Steven have guessed the lies Murray was telling of him, and the under-hand dealings necessary for a villain to establish himself securely between two such good-hearted, unsuspicious men? But he had determined to do it, and he had the cunning and craft necessary. I suppose a thoroughly unscrupulous man can make lies sound like truth, when he has won a certain hold upon you. This man must, at any rate, have done it; and your father's submissive, unsuspicious nature—as of course the knave knew—would insure his success."

"Was my uncle not an unsuspicious man too?" I ask; but Aunt Charlotte laughs scornfully and harshly.

"Not he. If he had not been as great a liar as his friend, he would not have been led by him. He," Aunt Charlotte goes on, a little contradicting, I fancy, her words a few minutes ago—"he was not a baby in the ways of the world, like your poor father."

"Father could never have been any thing but good and gentle and generous, as he is now," I say, finding it hard to utter even those few words steadily, when I think of my father's being left with no future, as it were, only able to fall into certain lines of life for which he had no talent or fondness, however much he might try to make the best of them, and do his best in them.

"I dare say," returns Aunt Charlotte, with ungracious brevity.

"It must have been a very wretched time, Aunt Charlotte," I say, tempting her on to tell us more.

"Wretched? I should think so! Wretched for us all, but doubly so for Steven. Yet soon after—having just set up here, with nothing certain to depend upon—he must go and marry a girl who brought him literally not a farthing, who actually possessed nothing but a small trunk of clothes, and who soon became sickly enough to be a perpetual expense and trouble to him."

"Anxiety, you mean, Aunt Charlotte—never trouble," I correct, in a firm way that makes Lottie lift her eyes nervously to me. "You can not use that word if you remember how dearly he loved her."

"That didn't make up the quarrel," was the pettish reply; "and since then there has been no hope of it. Christian Murray, out in Australia, is using for his own purposes his dupe's money, and using his dupe himself as he chooses, you may be very sure."

"Then Uncle Adolphus is not dead?"

"I know nothing," snaps Aunt Charlotte, "except that he can not possibly be more dead to us than he has been for twenty years, while your father has steadily got poorer and poorer. Trust him. What else can one expect from him? He will be a poor man all his life."

We do not argue this question, Lottie and I. It is too sore a one, as Aunt Charlotte always puts it. So there falls a silence among us, while

I just wonder a little how Aunt Charlotte can always so utterly forget that from that very time she had been speaking of, twenty years ago, when she had lost her home too, she has shared father's, never being allowed to think it given in charity to her, and made much of by him always. But soon I turn from that memory to the thought of how intensely happy I know my father was—even in his poverty—with our mother.

"Jeanie!"

It is a sudden whisper from Lottie, as she looks eagerly through the shop out into the street; and my eyes follow hers.

"Jeanie, it is a customer, I do believe. He first looked into the window, then up at the name over the door, and I am sure he will come in if you only wait a moment. Yes, Jeanie, look! he is coming into the shop."

CHAPTER III.

I GO into the shop as sedately as if I were used to being constantly summoned there to good customers, and I stand ready to wait upon this stranger, just as if my heart were not beating insanely in rare hopefulness. He raises his hat a moment, in an old-fashioned ceremonious way, then comes forward to the counter, and gives me the opportunity to look at him. He is a slight young man, and is dressed in a loose gray suit, with a round felt hat of the same color. He has a florid complexion, and thick, curly brown hair. His eyes are blue and bright, though rather small, and his features are all good, though small too. His expression is pleasant, but a certain forced smile which comes too frequently to his lips (and stays too long) takes the ease somehow from his whole appearance. He speaks well, but with an awkward lisp, and a rapidity which sounds almost foreign.

He has seen the card in our window, he says, and will be glad to look at the rooms I have to let.

Ah, how good this is! A possible lodger even is better than a possible customer. I lead him from the shop, with my heart beating in the most ridiculously childish manner. Suppose he knew! Suppose he knew what words go up in silence from my heart, when I have shown him the two rooms and stand waiting for his decision! He does not praise or admire the lodgings at all (our two prized best rooms!); he only, with a stiff bow, makes me aware that he is ready to return to the shop, and when we reach it he says very little, speaking in a polite way—gently, I should say, only for that broad silly smile on his face, and a certain ill-at-ease affectation of youthfulness, which is rather ludicrous in so young a man. He regrets, he tells me, that he can not let me know his decision until the next day, and he asks me if I will kindly keep the rooms until then.

Of course I promise, because it is so natural that he should not care to decide at once. And when I have promised, he gives me another of his wide quick smiles, and goes.

"Lottie! Lottie!"

She has gone to fetch the kettle to boil in the parlor, because long ago we let out the kitchen fire; so I rush down after her, and when she claps her hands and begins to dance, I race from her round the table, and she soon catches me. But as for my catching her—well, I dare say it is because I have not time. For Aunt Charlotte utters a groan which, in its concentrated misery, shows us that she hears our laughter, and which takes us up as swiftly and decorously as possible, Lottie with the kettle, and I with the tray. This tea is to be a feast, because of father's birthday, but we find the preparations hindered a good deal by Aunt Charlotte's damping observations.

It is quite eight o'clock when father at last comes in, and he looks so worn and tired that I know in a moment all the history of his City search, and I try to stop a word of questioning for him. But Aunt Charlotte does not feel so, and goes back and back to her questioning after every little success of mine in driving her from it.

"Now, father," the children cry, excitedly, "before you open your parcels you must guess them."

So, before he has his tea, father has to make wild unlikely guesses over our three parcels. Lottie's bottle of sherry he first guesses to be hair-oil, to Stevie's intense delight; and then—after longer pondering than ever—he assures Dolf it must be ink! I don't mind this delay, because I can sit with my arm in his, and my head on his shoulder, laughing at him as he guesses, and seeing his dear eyes brighten, as they always do, over the pleasure of his little lads.

But at last, having guessed nothing correctly, he is allowed to open his presents; and then, when he has kissed us all for them—just as he could only do if they were most rare and costly gifts—the children release him and let him have his tea in peace. And while we have it, as a happier birthday present than all I tell him of our new lodger, finding it very hard indeed to tell this in any but the most exuberant of tones, which perhaps Aunt Charlotte thinks very unwise, for she immediately reminds him that gentlemen who like the look of rooms, and have any intention of taking them, always do so at once. And that when a lodger says he will write or call again, it means simply that he does not intend you ever to see him or hear from him again.

"Even if so," father says, quite pleasantly, though I can see he has let his hopefulness grow as great as ours, and is suddenly rather ashamed of himself—poor father!—"we shall only be just where we were before, Charlotte my dear."

Then I describe the new lodger again, as I did before to Lottie in the kitchen; until father laughs, and, with a touch of the old gentle humor we see so seldom now, tells me that, judging by my description of the young man, he would make Philip Aston look very ordinary indeed. We have just finished tea, and are chatting about the fire—I just a little astonished that Philip does not come in—when rather a strange thing happens; strange, I mean, when we recollect how long our rooms have been vacant, and the card unnoticed in the window. Mr. Lowe, the landlord of the inn above, comes in to ask us to let two rooms to a gentleman who has just arrived from Paris, and who will take them at once, as he likes this locality. He is not only willing to pay two guineas a week, but will engage them for a permanency, as he hates change of all kinds. But Mr. Lowe adds that this gentleman must have a decisive answer to-night.

There is a little silence after this has been said, and we have all understood it exactly. Father looks at me, and I look at father. This weekly sum is nearly three times what we have asked the young gentleman who called this afternoon, and who, after all, may never come again. Two guineas weekly would be like a fortune to us—a rest for father; school and happiness for Lottie; little luxuries for Aunt Charlotte; a certainty for us all, and— I see how father is thinking of all this just as I am. But I see, too, that the thought which follows it for me is father's thought, too.

"Too late, Jeanie," he says, while for a moment his unsteady hand goes to his forehead.

"Yes, father, I have promised."

For quite half an hour Mr. Lowe stays, trying to tempt us to change our decision; but that moment of temptation has passed, and father only quietly says he will not break his promise, and evidently fancies he says it as determinately as he thinks it.

When the persuasions are over, and Mr. Lowe gone, Aunt Charlotte gives freer vent to her angry mortification.

"I never knew any one like you, Steven, for standing persistently in your own light," she says; "and of course, in these selfish qualms of yours, you stand in my light too, and the children's. Two guineas a week would make us a little bit comfortable, as you can never do while you are getting nothing."

"Oh, hush!" I whisper, seeing the look of despair—so new to it—which falls across father's tired face. Ah! she must forget this is his birthday.

"Father," says Lottie, brightly, when she bids him good-night, "our new lodger will be sure to be a great success, because he chanced to come on your birthday."

"And did not the other chance to come on your birthday too?" inquires Aunt Charlotte—in such a different tone to little Lottie's—"the one you voluntarily sent away."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DEBASED CURRENCY.

To debase the currency has always been one of the commonest arts of tyranny, the mark of a government lost to a sense of shame, or driven by some overruling need. It was a frequent practice with the early European kings; assuming as their inherent right the coining of money, they altered at will its standard value, paid their debts with adulterated metal, and forced their miserable subjects to receive one-half or one-third the sum that had been promised them. No monarch of these barbarous times seems to have hesitated to take the money of his people either by violence or fraud, and the gentlest method resorted to was probably that of debasing the currency. Yet the people have often had their revenge, and the government that labored to cheat them usually found itself compelled at last to return to the paths of honesty, or encounter some violent convulsion. In the dawn of history the magnificent gold coins of the East were apparently standards of value. The *darics* of Persia corrupted if they could not conquer Greece. The rich and accurate coinage of Ægina led the way to Greek commercial greatness. In all the Greek colonies the excellence and purity of the mintage mark the period of the highest prosperity. A debased currency always indicates an approaching decay. And if we must except from this rule the memorable instance of Rome, yet the circumstances of that rapid alteration in the value of coin are still imperfectly understood.

At Rome, during the excessive burdens and the almost intolerable cost of the Punic wars, within fifty years the bronze coinage was reduced to one-twelfth its original weight. An *as* weighed one ounce instead of twelve, and the debts of the republic seem to have been paid in this depreciated currency. The Roman people yielded to the change, accepted the new money, and never afterward desired to restore the *as* to its ancient weight. The gold and silver currency of the state was at the same time debased, but it was soon found that the change was only a source of embarrassment and danger; that prices rose in proportion to the depreciation of the currency, and that scarcity, political disturbances, and popular discontent followed the attempt to deceive and plunder the people. It was never again resorted to: Rome plundered her neighbors rather than herself. Her coinage was always pure, and her gold and silver of the standard value. The Romans found that honesty was profitable in business, and never failed to fulfill their commercial engagements. The republics of the Middle Ages were equally strict in all the affairs of trade. Their coinage was excellent, their mints poured forth a profusion of gold and silver, their great bankers taught Europe the necessity of good faith in all commercial transactions, and enforced upon kings and nobles the duty of keeping their word. The honor of the republics remained unstained, but that of the kings and princes, their debtors, was often tarnished by an utter disregard of oaths, contracts, and engagements.

A noted instance of the ruinous effect of a debased currency may be found in Mr. FROUDE's history of the reign of EDWARD VI. HENRY VIII., extravagant to the brink of insanity, covered with debt, had debased the English currency, and left to his successor the task of restoring honesty and prosperity to the nation. EDWARD's counsellors were anxious to provide good money; they saw that the commerce of the country had fallen into the hands of strangers, and that the acute bankers of the Continent reaped all the benefits and profits of England's trade. But the feeble government, embarrassed by wars and ceaseless disorders, could only pursue the fatal path pointed out by HENRY VIII. It continued to issue "white money" that was worth less and less each day; commerce abandoned England; all its various branches of industry declined; prices rose to an extraordinary height; and the letter of a merchant, WILLIAM LANE, given by Mr. FROUDE (Vol. V., p. 266), will serve to indicate what must always be the result of tampering with the laws of money. In a few days, he relates, prices rose, exchange fell, the "white money" was rapidly sinking in value; the cities decayed, the towns were deserted, and all the gold and silver had left or would leave the kingdom. "The fear of the littleness of our silver coin," says LANE, "is the only cause that all we merchants of England do rob England and carry away all the gold to foreign realms, for that it is to a more profit than exchange. And the like of this mischief happened here in England in the months of June, July, and August last, in which were carried out of England not so little as £100,000 of gold." This was the result three centuries ago of a base currency, and such it must always remain. The decay of English commerce, and the decline of the nation, were only arrested when, in ELIZABETH's reign, an intelligent merchant, Sir THOMAS GRESHAM, forced upon the queen a reform of the currency, and founded that commercial greatness which can only exist together with honest money.

Still more instructive is the account given in BOYNE's *History of Tokens*, and by other authorities, of the effect of an extraordinary emission of copper coins. CHARLES I., 1625, issued a patent allowing certain persons to coin a small copper currency. The patentees abused the privilege, and filled the country with a flood of worthless money. They would give twenty-one shillings in copper for twenty in gold. The quantity of base coin increased daily. The necessary result followed, and at once gold and silver were almost wholly banished from trade. London and all the surrounding shires—Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex—saw nothing but worthless copper, and tradesmen found their counters loaded with a debased currency that had no value abroad, and was almost equally useless at home. In vain the people murmured, in vain they demanded the repeal of the patent and a demonetization of copper. The tyrannical government refused them any relief. The worthless coin was forced upon them by the king, and Mr. BOYNE thinks one of the chief causes of the intense unpopularity of CHARLES and his advisers was their attempt to impose a worthless currency upon their people. London and its environs at last led the way to revolt. They founded a republic. The false coiners paid for their dishonesty on the scaffold. But the most instructive lesson from this sudden deluge of copper is that the base coin will drive out the better, even in the centres of wealth and trade, and that, however worthless the new currency, it will never fail to clog and corrupt the sources of honest commerce.

Every one may recall the brilliant sketch in which MACAULAY paints the debased condition of English money after 1688. The silver coins were clipped, the gold disappear, copper tokens still abound, and all the course of trade demands a reform that must be sharp, painful, but effective. Without a currency as pure and stable as that of the Continent, it was seen by the intelligent merchants of the age of WILLIAM III. that they must still continue to "rob England of its gold," and send it abroad in the place of exchange. With their own debased currency they could buy nothing in Amsterdam, nor pay any debt to foreigners in London. How perilous and painful was the task WILLIAM undertook, of calling in the debased coinage and supplying its place with good money, may be read in the chronicles of the time. Trade received a sudden check; the people were the chief sufferers; murmurs, threats, and almost rebellion followed; a powerful foreign faction, led by the Jacobites, took advantage of the general disorder to plot against the government; the Bank of England, then just founded, stopped payment in the opening of its career; and the firm hand of the reformer might well have been stayed in the pressing danger of the hour. But the government persevered in the honest path. A fair new coinage was issued, the money of the country was made equal in value to that of any other country, and once more English merchants could own their own ships and compete with the Dutch on equal terms, could buy in the cheapest, sell in the dearest, markets; and, with all its wars and subsidies, England continued to grow rich and powerful. An honest currency made its government popular and its people content.

Later instances of debasing a national currency have all been followed by similar results. France issued its paper money in its Revolutionary period; it fell to be utterly valueless, and gold and silver, which it had wholly banished, came back in its place; it ruined thousands, it made the few rich. Our own Continental currency had a nearly similar fate. In England paper money, from 1800 to 1821, banished gold, and covered the commercial world with swift and disastrous fluctuations. Our own legal tender currency has slowly made its way to nearly the value of that gold which it has banished from among us. We have felt all the evils, we are still suffering from the necessary pains, of a depreciated currency. Our commerce is in the hands of foreigners. Like the merchants of EDWARD VI.'s reign, our capitalists are forced to rob their country of the sources of its prosperity. The farmers of Minnesota have paid tribute to the usurers of England and the Continent, and the profits of our fertile soil are ravished from us by our foreign rivals.

It is proposed by the advocates of the Silver Bill in Congress to flood the nation with a debased currency. Like the tyrants of the Middle Ages, like HENRY VIII., or CHARLES—the false coiner who perished among the first—without consulting the people, with scarcely a moment for reflection or remonstrance, the country is to be plunged into a commercial crisis from which it may never recover. The counters of our merchants are to be loaded down with a coin that is useless abroad, and that must daily sink lower and lower in value at home, in which we can neither pay our debts nor make our purchases. Gold will go, as in the days of the first CHARLES, to more prosperous lands. The farmer must take the payment for his wheat in bad money; the merchant will be offered only an inconvertible currency; the laborer will get what will scarcely buy him food; prices will rise, but labor in a less proportion. Our trade must still continue in the hands of foreigners, and the national flag will hardly be seen upon the ocean. But, still more painful to every generous American, for the first time the national honor will be tarnished, and a republic which has never failed, through all its disasters, to pay its honest debts, will in the moment of its returning prosperity forfeit its good name forever. The classic republicans were noted for their integrity; the republics of the Middle Ages led the world to commercial probity; the foundation of all republican and national prosperity, all history teaches, is in the strict fulfillment of the rules of honesty; but should this unfortunate project succeed by a sudden stroke or stratagem, should we force a debased currency upon our people, and rob our creditors whom we are pledged to protect, no nation will ever have so suddenly lost its hard-earned reputation, no republic will have been so effectually disgraced, as ours. History will point to us with pity, and every freeman will blush for his dishonored country.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE fellow has just begun going to the public schools. His mother, to stimulate him to attention to his lessons, said to him the other day: "Charley, if you study hard, you may some day become President of the United States, like George Washington. Who knows?" "Don't talk to *me* about being President!" exclaimed he; "every body's going to be President. When we go to school the first thing the teacher does she calls the names of all the little boys, and they all say 'President.' I don't want to be President."

At a duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected, as unnecessary. "For," said he, "their hands have been *shaking* this half hour."

TAKING THE RISK.—Nowadays it is the buyers of silk goods who must "stand the hazard of the dye."

AT THE AQUARIUM.

JUVENILE PHYSIOLOGIST. "And was that where the poor whale lived, papa? Did he blubber much before he died, papa?"

UNANSWERABLE.—"Really," said Brown, as he woke in the morning, after a splendid night, "I don't think there's any thing to equal a feather-bed." "Ain't there?" replied the still small voice of Jones, who was already up and thinking about breakfast; "what about an oyster bed?"

"I am dying, Darwin, dying!"
Said old Pongo at the last.
"You are ill, eh, my gorilla?"
Uttered Darwin, half aghast.

"Yes, I'm ill, eh, your gorilla:
I am dying—yes—I think,"
Groaned old Pongo, then departed
Like a good old missing link.

A gentleman married his servant. A short time after their union they gave an evening party. Conversation flagging, silence reigned, when one of the ladies said, "Awful pause!" The lady of the house immediately exclaimed, "Awful paws, indeed! So would you have awful paws if you had done the dirty work in your life that I have!"

A cunning juryman addressed the clerk of the court when administering the oath, saying, "Speak up; I can not hear what you say." "Stop; are you deaf?" asked the judge. "Yes, of one ear." "Then you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should hear *both sides*."

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many eyes that close in our churches on Sundays.

We know a lady who is exceedingly disliked by her servants, but as she is seldom at home she can not be so much domestic-hated after all, eh?

BEYOND THE PALE OF REDEMPTION—The Ottoman defense loan.

"ROGUES IN GRAIN"—The sellers of "killed" seed.

"What is the best remedy," asked a preacher, of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply: "hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is hay in it."

A DEEP LAKE.—A land speculator, in describing a lake in one of the Western States, says it is so clear and so deep that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

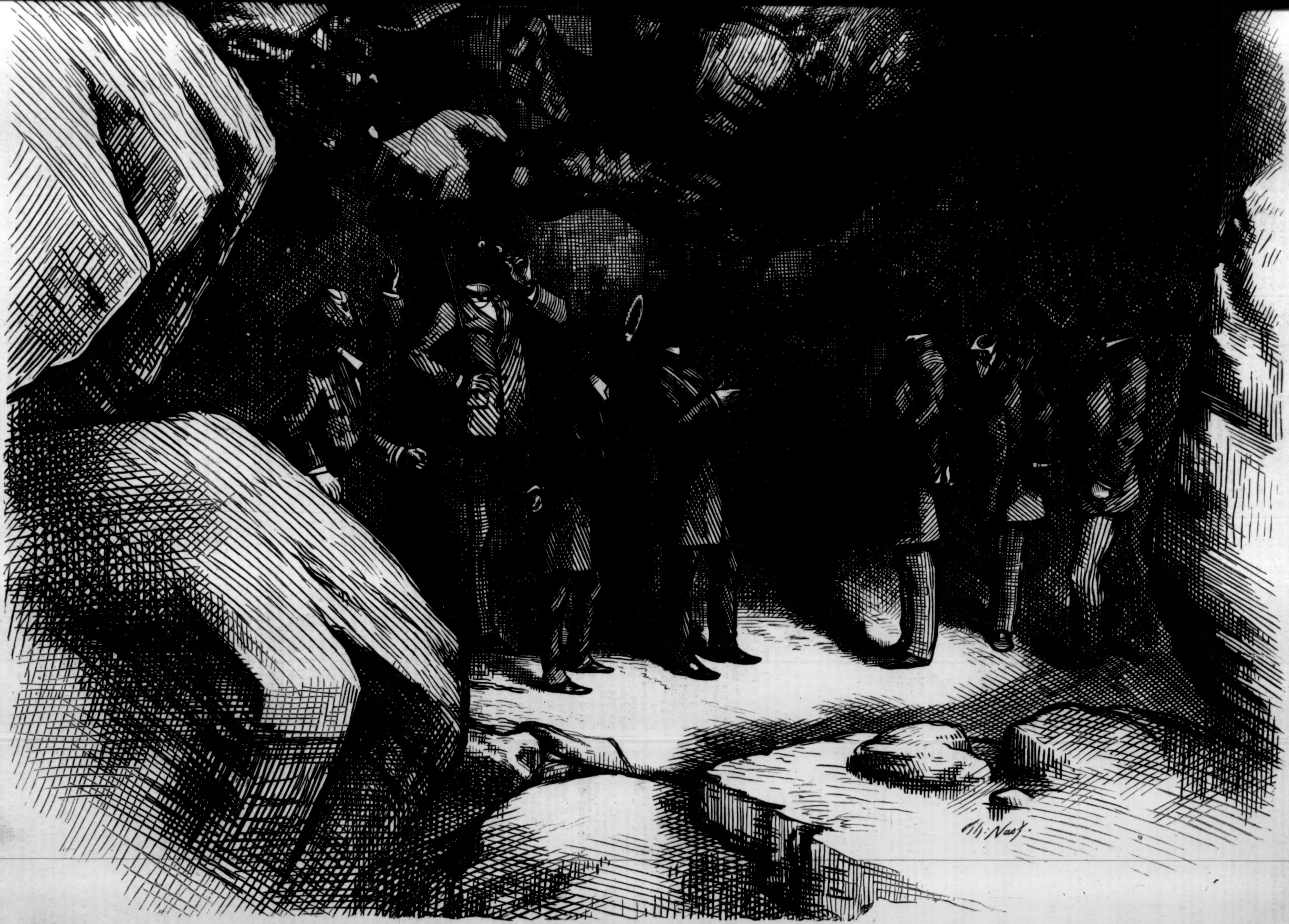
When Apollo dipped the god Pan into the sea, what did he come out?—A dripping Pan.

Boasting of her industrious habits, an Irish housemaid said she rose at four, made her fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds before any one was up in the house.

An opulent farmer applied to an attorney about a lawsuit, but was told he could not undertake it, being already engaged on the other side; at the same time he gave him a letter of recommendation to a professional friend. The farmer, out of curiosity, opened it, and read as follows:

"Here are two fat wethers fallen out together,
If you'll fleece one, I'll fleece the other,
And make 'em agree like brother and brother."

The perusal of this epistle cured both parties, and terminated the dispute.



STAND FROM UNDER!

FIRE IN
LIFE INSURANCE
BANK
SAVINGS
OUR NATIONAL CREDIT
BANKRUPTCY
TAXATION
INCOME TAX
TRADE
WORK SHOP
SCHOOL
SILVER MOVEMENT
REPUDIATION
SOUTHERN CLAIMS

THE COMING MAN.

LETTER II.

FROM CHARLES READE TO "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Facts should always be faced. The Champion of Truth neither shirks nor succumbs. Either he lets hostile facts convert him, or he meets them with more facts, and weightier. The same with arguments. To misstate, or even understate, an opponent's case, is the practice of the many respectable rogues Controversy breeds; but it is more cunning than wise; for these are the known arts of falsehood, and Truth gains nothing by them. Truth can state the other side fairly, yet still prevail, since, to put it in Shakspeare's words,

"*Good* reasons must perforce give place to *better*."

Proceeding on this method, I must begin with a true statement, and an imposing one, against myself.

There certainly is among mankind a vast weight of opinion against my position that man is by nature as either-handed as an ape, and that custom should follow nature. The majority believe the left arm and hand inferior to the right in three things—power, dexterity, and dignity. Nor is this notion either old-fashioned or new-fangled; it is many thousand years old, and comes down by unbroken descent to the present day. I will venture on a loose sketch of its history. It has never existed among rank barbarians; it is not indicated in the genuine flint instruments, but only in those which modern dexterity plants in old strata to delight and defraud antiquarians; and the few primitive barbarians that now remain, living relics of the stone age, use both arms indifferently. But the higher savages (probably degenerate races) use the right limb most, though not so extravagantly as we do.

The preference seems to have arisen about the time when man began to multiply in favorite localities, and, getting jostled, set himself to kill his fellows wholesale. This soon led to the shield—a weapon man the hunter never invented, for it is no use either in killing deer or fighting panthers and bears. Savage warriors would seem to have generally devoted the left arm to defense with the shield—for a reason I shall give by-and-by—and the right to attack with spear or sword. In accordance with this, the Cymric word for the right side is "go-gledd," or the sword side, and "aswry," the left side, is literally the shield side. The Greeks also called the left side ἐπ' ἀσπίδα, or the shield side, and the right side ἐπὶ δόρο, or the spear side. Words so primitive, wherever found, betray the infancy of spoken language.

These neutral and antique words were followed, probably at great intervals, by terms glorifying the right hand and depreciating the left.

The learned Doctor Meyer finds a few adjectives of this character in the Turanian and Semitic languages and their European derivatives, as well as in the Aryan dialects. Example: the right side is called, in one old dialect, "labba roka," or the better one; in Hungarian, "job kät;" in the Sanskrit, "dakshas." Hence the Latin "dexter."

The German "recht," English "right," French "droit," with their numerous derivatives, "reichts," "gerichts," etc., "droiture," "righteous," "righteousness," are all eulogistic, whereas the left hand, in words of equal antiquity, is called "windische," or unstable, "wendische hand," the unfree hand (encumbered with the shield?); in Gothic, "ibuks," and other terms implying the oblique or crooked, perverted or wrong. If the English word "left" is not from "lævus," λαιός, it is itself a term of strong depreciation, and the chances are it was in these parts a month of centuries before the Romans. In Hungarian the left is called "bäl," or the defective hand; and in Estnish is even stigmatized as "lempo kä," or the wicked hand. (See Meyer, *Rechts und Links*.)

I confine myself to these few examples for the present, because they are believed to be older than written language, and I am trying to go down the ladder.

Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures in relief, more recent probably than most of the above words, but older than written language, reveal a moderate preference for the right hand. Pagan customs and traditions accord. The Hindoos and many other Oriental nations from time immemorial have performed certain ignoble ablutions at peep of day with their left hands, and for that or other reasons have declined to touch meat except with their right.

Mohammedans in general use only the right in eating; and this comes to them by race, not religion, and preceded Mohammed by thousands of years.

From Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures the next step, though a wide one, is to the earliest of the Hebrew writers. These accept the pagan theory, but with a certain moderation not found elsewhere either in ancient or modern times. To begin with their phrases—these do not run down the left hand. This Syrian tribe took their words signifying right and left from some pagan ancestors who worshipped the rising sun, and watched his course. This is transparent; for their word "kedim" means in front, or east; "achor" means behind, or west; "jamin," right hand, or south; and "shemel," left hand, or north. (See Cruden on the word "Hand.")

Thus their phrases are neutral and decent; but their facts show the right hand superior in *dignity*. In the bare sketch of events from Adam to the special history of Israel this can not appear; but it comes out as soon as the narrative, dealing with more recent and vivid tradition, enters into minor details.

Rachel, dying in travail, called her new-born child "the son of my sorrow;" but Jacob rejected this name, and called him "the son of my right hand" (Benjamin). Genesis, xxxv. 18.

Joseph brought his two sons to Jacob for his blessing; and the incident, as related, is a picture. Manasseh being the elder and Ephraim the younger, Joseph presented the children to his father thus—Manasseh in his left hand, opposite Jacob's right hand, and Ephraim in his right hand, opposite Jacob's left. But, to his surprise, Jacob put out his hands crosswise, so that his right hand fell on Ephraim and his left on Manasseh; "and this," says the writer, "he did purposely:" but Joseph, thinking it was an error, tried to shift his father's hands, and said, "Not so, my father: for this is the first-born; put thy right hand on him." But his father refused, and said, "I know it, my son, I know it." And he persisted in blessing the younger above the elder, and therefore kept the superior hand upon Ephraim's head.

In Deuteronomy Moses describes the law as having come from God's right hand.

In sacrificing a ram, Moses directed that the priest's right ear, right thumb, and right toe should be annointed with the blood. Exodus, xxix. 20.

To go, for a moment, to a much later period, Solomon, granting an audience to his mother, descended from his throne, bowed to her with profound respect, and ordered her a seat on his right hand. 1 Kings, ii. 19.

In Exodus, xv. 6, 12, and in nearly all the sacred books, especially the Psalms, the right hand of God is lauded, and His left hand is never mentioned in the Hebrew Scripture.

Such was the superior dignity of the right hand in ancient Israel, derived from Syrian traditions; but as to the modern theory of muscular superiority, that is not indicated, but rather contradicted; nor is there a direct slur cast upon the left, as there is by the heathens, and by us, their too docile pupils.

In Homer we get the pagan notion unmitigated. His heroes salute with the right hand, and they all turn to the right at their devotions; Jove thunders to the right. And in this poem we find something more, that the Hebrews did *not* receive, viz., that the left hand is unlucky, and so potent that it diffuses ill luck as far as the eye can see. Thus Polydamas took fright at the omen of an eagle which soared with a serpent in its clutches, received a bite, and, dropping its prey, flew away on the left of the Trojan host.

This superstition about the left hand was in the human mind long before Homer, and it has survived him three thousand years. It grew and expanded in Greece, and became a principal element in all their omens and auguries.

The Romans fell into it thoroughly. Woe to the man on whose left hand a raven croaked or flew when he went forth to war or travel; and indeed in classical literature the supposed *unluckiness* of the left hand is the main feature of that vilified limb. Of this a thousand examples could be given as easily as one.

The Latin word "sinister" (left) was innocent in itself; it means the arm that is attached to the sinus, or bosom. I suspect it was coined after they had discovered the heart lay on the left side. But though "sinister" was an honorable term, or a neutral one, at first, the prevailing sentiment soon blackened it, and it came into conquered Gaul with a vile character, which it holds to this day in France and England. Both these nations nowadays use "sinister" only to mean unlucky or full of bad designs.

Shakspeare uses it once or twice in its original sense of the left hand, but since his day we have fallen by degrees into the French way. Though "sinistre" no longer means the left hand in France, that unlucky limb does not escape vilification. It is called "gauche," which word means indifferently left hand or "clumsy." "Gauche" is said to be a word imposed by the conquering Franks, and to be "manus Gallica," or "the Gaul's hand," as opposed to "main Franche," or "the Frank's hand;" and from this word of contempt, "gauche," the Spaniards have taken "gaucho," the English "a gauky," and the Scotch "a gowk." The Italians, not to fall behind other civilized nations in vilifying the left hand, call it "mano-manca," or a failure, "mano-stanca," or a helpless hand; the Spanish, "man zurda," or "seneca," which are also uncomplimentary.

On the other hand, "dexterité" (French), "dextrous," and "dexterity" (English) are from "dexter," and eulogistic. Thus laudation of the right hand as good and skillful, and depreciation of the left as useless, clumsy, perverted, and unlucky, have flowed into France and England by two separate streams, one crossing the continent many thousand years ago from east to west, another coming northward far more recently with the Roman conquerors. Both streams came alike from the East; only one came as the crow flies, and the other round by Greece and Rome. Probably the two streams meet, in the French words "adroit," skillful, and "maladroit," clumsy, where the prefix is Latin, but "droit" is the same word as the German "recht," and the English "right," whence "droiture," "righteous," "righteousness," etc.

Words at first follow ideas, and are the current signs of those ideas; but by-and-by they react upon the mind, and tend by mere reiteration to keep alive the ideas that gave them birth. These two streams of language are supported by custom and sentiment. Friends grasp each other by the right hand. It is almost an offense to offer the left. In Germany, France, and Scotland the right hand must be lifted to God in the witness-box. In Germany, to this day, humble folk cut up their meat with the right hand, then lay down the knife, and take the fork in their right hand to eat. This comes straight from the East. [I shall be glad to know whether there is any trace of this in the United States.]

In the German ceremony of a morganatic marriage something important is actually done with the left hand that in other weddings is done with the right. The English have got scent of this, and call a sham marriage a left-handed marriage. One of Walter Scott's characters calls an illegitimate child "a child born on the left side of the blanket." Bastardy is marked in heraldry by the bar sinister, or left-handed bar.

Impregnated with all these traditions, young mothers and nurses check infants, with superstitious horror, in the use of the left hand—which, nota bene, the poor little victims invariably attempt—and do their best to make a pagan tradition an immortal truth, and keep mankind one-handed and right-handed.

Finally, certain German physicians, assuming too hastily that so general a practice must be founded not in custom but in nature, have set themselves to find the anatomical cause of the assumed fact, and think they have discovered it in the balance of the viscera, which are generally four or five pounds heavier on the right side than on the left.

This is the case I have to contend with as a friend of mankind: and if men will listen to me patiently, and then use their own good sense, it will be a good thing for them and a much better for their children.

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AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER LX.

"BUT PROVE ME WHAT IT IS I WOULD NOT DO."

From the house of death Cyril went straight to the Vicarage to tell his Vicar all that had happened, and to entreat for immediate freedom. He could not rest a day until he had given Christian Harefield's letter into his daughter's hands.

Clement Dulcimer was all indulgence, his wife all sympathy.

"We shall miss you sorely, as we missed you before," said the Vicar, "but we shall manage to get on somehow, as we managed before; and you will come back to us, will you not, when you have accomplished your mission?"

"Without fail I shall return, though it will not be to remain long with you, dear friend. Now that my health is restored, I begin to long for a wider field."

"Then go as soon as you like, and God be with you," said the Vicar, heartily. "But I'm afraid you will have some trouble to find out the run-away heiress."

"I will find her," said Cyril, "if I have to wander over all the earth in search of her."

"And you will marry her, and she will be Lady Culverhouse after all, for of course if you married you would have to take up your title," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "It may be weak-minded on my part, but I should like Beatrix to have the title. I always used to think of her as Lady Culverhouse. Poor Kenrick!"

"I will take her that letter, her father's last letter—a letter which I can not doubt contains a statement of his fatal intention—the indisputable proof of her innocence. I will put that letter in her hand, and then she shall deal with me as she likes. It must be for her to decide my fate."

"Why not put an advertisement in the *Times*," suggested the Vicar; "a carefully worded advertisement telling her that a letter written by her father on the night before his death has come to hand, and begging her to come home, where it awaits her."

"If she is abroad she is not likely to see the *Times*," answered Cyril. "Besides, I would not vulgarize her family secrets by putting them in an advertisement, however enigmatically worded. No; it shall be my business to find her. It is a small thing for me to do—a small sacrifice even if I were to spend seven years of my life upon the task—a small atonement for the cruel wrong I have done her."

"If you think that you may as well set out," said the Vicar. "But I don't believe your quest will take seven years of your life. Our modern civilization has set its heel on knightly enterprise. Nowadays a man could not be chivalrous if he tried ever so hard. Railways, post-offices, electric telegraphs, have made all things easy. Romance is dead. Yes, Cyril, you must be content to be a commonplace lover. You remember what old Aubrey says, 'The divine art of printing and gunpowder have frightened away Robin Goodfellow and the fairies.'"

"You had a letter from Beatrix after she left us, Clement," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "That might be some use."

"Not much, I fear," answered the Vicar. "She wrote to me from Paris within a week of her leaving us, asking my forgiveness for all the trouble she had caused me. My forgiveness, poor child! as if it were not her own life she had to dispose of, and her own soul to which she was responsible for her deeds. It was a sad, sweet letter, full of affection and good feeling, but it told me very little of her plans for the future, except that she meant to wander about the Continent with Madame Leonard, and that in the course of her travel she intended to visit Italy, the scene of her mother's youth, and of her mother's death."

"That would be a natural desire," said Cyril.

"I can not conceive that there can be much difficulty in finding her," continued the Vicar. "A young woman of large landed estate can not hide herself under a bushel. She has a banker to whom she must apply when she wants funds for her travelling expenses. He must know something of her whereabouts."

"Where does she bank?" asked Cyril.

"At Hodge & Turner's, at Great Yafford, the County Bank."

"I will go at once and see if there is any thing to be learned there."

Cyril walked to Great Yafford that afternoon, saw the bank manager, and ascertained from him that Miss Harefield had written to the bank, from Paris, for six hundred pounds in circular notes, almost immediately after she left Little Yafford. She had drawn nothing since that time. The circular notes had been obtained by Messrs. Hodge & Turner, through their London agents, from the Temple Bar branch of the Union Bank.

"The circular notes would go back to the bank that issued them, would they not?" asked Cyril.

"Naturally, but there is no rule as to the time of their return. The local banker who cashed a note might hold it over until he had other bills to transmit. A considerable time might elapse before the notes got back to the bank that issued them."

"I shall go to the Union, and try to find out when and where the notes were cashed. Miss Harefield has been away more than six months. Some of the notes, at least, must have come back to the bank. Will you give me a letter of introduction to the manager?"

Cyril had already explained that he had a document of vital importance to convey to Miss Harefield; that it was in her interest he sought her.

The letter was written, and Cyril started by the mid-day train for London. He saw the manager of the Temple Bar branch early next day, and from his courtesy obtained the following information:

Three notes had been cashed in Paris on the 21st of April.

Five notes had been cashed in Florence during the months of May and June.

A note had been cashed at Brest in August, one at Rennes in the same month, two at St. Malo in September. There was nothing later than this.

The notes bore the address as well as the signature of the writer. On those last notes cashed at St. Malo the address was,

Hotel Châteaubriand,
St. Servans.

It was the beginning of November. Cyril was in a position to trace Miss Harefield's movements up to the 29th of September. She might have remained even longer at St. Malo. It was clearly there that he must go.

Happily for his impatience, which was extreme, the St. Malo boat sailed that night from Southampton. Within twenty-four hours after he left the Union Bank, Cyril was in the broad windy street of St. Servans.

The proprietress of the hotel perfectly remembered Miss Harefield. They had many English visitors, but this lady was so distinguished. She was at once so amiable and so dignified. She and her companion had always dined in their own *salon*. They had never appeared at the *table d'hôte*. They had engaged a carriage for their express use, and had driven about to all the interesting places in the neighborhood. The landlady was obligingly communicative; but when she was asked where Miss Harefield went upon leaving St. Servans, her information came to a stop. There was the visitors' book, in which Miss Harefield and Madame Leonard had written their names, but beyond their names nothing.

"But these ladies must surely have given instructions for their letters being sent after them," said Cyril.

"But no, monsieur. They received no letters while they were here; they appeared to expect none."

"Did you never hear them talk of where they meant to go?"

"No, monsieur; they were ladies of an extreme reserve—silent even—all that there is of the most gracious—but never communicative. They left St. Malo by the railway—that is all I can tell you. They did not leave by the English boat."

Cyril was at a stand-still. He seemed no nearer Beatrix now, at St. Malo, than he had been at Little Yafford. Six weeks ago she had been an inmate of this hotel, but in six weeks she might have travelled to the other end of Europe. She, who was as free as the wind, would hardly care to dawdle about the quiet old towns of Brittany.

"Was Miss Harefield well—did she seem in good spirits?" he asked the landlady.

"Alas! no; she had been suffering. She came to St. Servans for the sea-baths. She needed strength. She had the air of one who had suffered much grief. Madame Leonard was always bright and cheerful, and devoted to the young lady; but the English miss was not happy. That showed itself to the eye."

"Had she any medical attendant while she was with you?"

"No. She mocked herself of doctors."

Cyril thanked the kindly proprietress, and strolled idly away from the hotel. He knew not which direction to take. The prospect was discouraging. Perhaps, after all, he would be compelled to put an advertisement in the *Times*, informing Beatrix, in veiled words, that a letter of her father's awaited her at a certain address. But, even if he did this, how could he be sure she would see the paper? He knew of old how difficult it is to find an English newspaper in a French provincial town. No, he must find her himself; but to his impatience the thing seemed hopeless at the outset. He walked through the well-remembered streets, by the ever-improving fortifications, white stone walls looking out upon a bright blue sea. The yellow sands by the Grand Bē were deserted by their holiday crowd. The cold autumn winds swept over the long low shores. Every thing had a desolate look.

Cyril went into St. Malo to see the churches, which he remembered years ago, and spent a couple of hours looking at painted windows and sculptured tombs. And then he wasted another hour strolling about the streets and the quay, watching the boat being loaded, and wondering what he should do next. And then he went to

the railway station to find out all about the trains, with a vague hope that some idea might suggest itself as to Beatrix's journey when she left St. Malo. He was on his way to the station when a face flashed upon him in one of the narrow streets, and passed him by before he had time to remember where he had seen it.

Whose face could it be, and why was it so familiar?

He stopped to consider, and looked back to see if the owner of the face was still in sight. Yes, there she was, walking briskly along the narrow pavement, threading her way dextrously through the crowd, a little woman, neatly dressed in a black silk gown and a gray mantle.

Dimly as in a dream did he remember that face. It must have been a memory of long ago, he thought. And then in a moment he recalled the scene to which that face belonged—his sick-room at Bridford—the old-fashioned wainscoted bedroom, with its dull brown walls, four-post bedstead and drab hangings—the weariness of fever and delirium—the bright black eyes peering at him from the shadow of the white conventual hood.

"It is my little nurse," he said to himself, "the elder of those two good women."

He turned and followed the lady in the drab mantle. It was strange to see her in a dress so different from her nun-like habit, but then she had told him that she belonged to no conventual order. Once having given her the start, it was not easy to gain upon her, she tripped along so briskly, and the street here close to the market was crowded. Cyril was almost breathless when he caught her.

"Pray, madame, do not deny yourself to one who is deeply indebted to you," he said, hat in hand, gasping a little. "When you passed me just now I recognized you as one I well remembered, but I could not for the moment recall the circumstances of our acquaintance. I have so longed to see you again—to be able to thank you."

The little Frenchwoman looked at him with a most innocent stare.

"Monsieur deceives himself," she said, in her own language. "I have not the honor of his acquaintance."

"Nay, madame, you can not forget one who owes you so much—perhaps life itself. You can not have forgotten your fever patient at Bridford."

"Bridford," echoed the lady. "What is that?"

"Oh, madame, you are trifling with me. It is not possible I can be mistaken. Do you not belong to a nursing sisterhood, a band of holy women, who, bound by no religious order, go about doing good, attending their ailing fellow-creatures, without fee or reward?"

"No, Sir, I do not. I never even heard of such a sisterhood," replied the lady, resolutely.

"I must ask you to pardon me then. But it is a most wonderful likeness. I am deeply disappointed," said Cyril, allowing the lady to pass, with a mutual salutation of gravest respect.

He was more than disappointed; he was mystified. In spite of the lady's assertion, he could not bring himself to believe that hers was not the face which he had seen by his sick-bed in those long hours of languor and prostration, when he had nothing to do but watch his nurse's kindly countenance and listen to her friendly talk.

Yet if this were his nurse, why should she deny herself to him? Was that one of the rules of her order? Was the order a kind of Masonic association in good works—a secret band of holy women who disavowed their benevolent deeds after they were done?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1878.

Sunday, 27.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

FEBRUARY.

Saturday, 2.—Purification of the B. V. M.
Sunday, 3.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 10.—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 17.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Sunday, 24.—Sexagesima Sunday; St. Matthias.

Two years ago North America received for the first time the distinction of an appointment to the cardinalate; it has now, also for the first time, a canonized saint. Not CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, but MARY of the Incarnation, one of the founders of Quebec, is the person selected for this honor. Her history is part of that romance of religious enthusiasm which led the Jesuits to Canada, and sustained them in heroic efforts to convert the Huron Indians to the Christian faith. She combined the fervor of a mystic with the practical talent of a great administrator. Born in 1599, she was quite forty years of age when she left France for the New World. Here she distinguished herself by a life which, whatever may have been its mystical extravagance, was in its devotion to Christian charity every way admirable. And yet the defeat of this Jesuit scheme to bring the New World under the sway of the Catholic Church, as we read it in the light of events, seems almost a special interposition of Providence. The convents in Montreal and Quebec remain, with a French-speaking Catholic population in the lower province; all the rest has passed away.

Mr. MOODY, after completing his work in Hartford, will go in February to Springfield, Massachusetts. Here the City Hall will be used; three daily services will be held. In March he is expected to be in New Haven. The meetings in Hartford now going on are held at the Rink, which will seat 3000 persons.

The Roman correspondent of the London *Times*, whose means of information may be presumed to be the very best, states that the Italian government will give the next Conclave of cardinals the largest measure of liberty of action. "If they wish to leave Rome, it will supply them with the safest means of conveyance by land and sea. If they prefer to abide where they are, the same government will guarantee them the most efficient protection without or, if they call for it, within the walls of the Vatican." Rome has heretofore been a scene of riot and robbery in the interval between the death of one pope and the election of another. All this will be ordered better hereafter, now that the city has a king.

Christian missionaries are coming to honor in our day. The venerable Dr. ROBERT MOFFAT was last month presented with the freedom of the guild of Turners, one of the most ancient of the trades' companies of London, having been founded in 1604. The occasion was one of much ceremony. The master of the guild clothed Dr. MOFFAT "with the fur robes of a livery-man, and presented him with his certificate of freedom, and a handsome medal as a *souvenir* of the occasion." Dr. MOFFAT first went to Africa in 1816. Besides his daughter—the wife of LIVINGSTONE—buried there, he has a son and son-in-law still laboring as missionaries in that field.

The excitement in New Haven over the recent action of the Board of Education in relation to the reading of the Bible in the public schools of the city is increasing. It appears that the board voted to discontinue the practice without giving more than a very short notice of its intention. A house-to-house canvass has been made for signatures to a petition asking that the reading of the Bible may be restored. Postmaster N. D. SPERRY delivered an address recently in favor of the retention of the Bible, in one of the largest churches of New Haven, to a crowded audience. Its repetition in a Catholic church has been called for.

A list appears of twenty-one churches, all of which have made provision for the payment of mortgage debts. The indebtedness provided for reaches an aggregate of more than $800,000.

There is some difficulty about Protestant Episcopal statistics. The two almanacs—WHITTAKER'S and POTT & YOUNG'S—agree only in two things, that "there are sixty-one bishops and about 2900 parishes." With regard to the communicants, the *Churchman* declares that "any record must be faulty in the extreme, for it can not number the scattered thousands not enrolled in parish records." This is indeed unfortunate. At the risk of some repetition we will give the totals according to WHITTAKER, and the comparisons with last year: bishops, 61; priests and deacons, 3216; baptisms, 46,787; confirmations, 29,179; communicants, 281,977; candidates for orders, 337; ordinations—deacons, 134, priests, 106; Sunday-school teachers, 29,548; scholars, 275,018; contributions, $6,734,268. These figures show an increase of 4000 baptisms, 3000 confirmations, 13,000 communicants, 20 ordinations, 3000 Sunday-school teachers, 30,000 scholars, and $200,000 in contributions.

The charitable works of the Church of the Holy Trinity in this city, of which the Rev. S. H. TYNG, Jun., is the rector, are very far reaching. Preaching is maintained at the following points: Grand Union Hall, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street; Church of the Mediator, Eleventh Avenue and Fifty-second Street; Church of the Reformation, 130 Stanton Street; the Mission Home, 46 East Forty-third Street. Besides these are an orphanage, a dispensary, a reformatory home on a farm of forty acres, near Sing Sing; societies for the relief of sick and destitute women; a burial fund society; a coal distribution society, etc., etc. Much of this work is wholly unsectarian, and extends beyond parish limits. It is, therefore, proposed to raise $75,000 by the contributions of the citizens of New York to cancel the debt on premises occupied for the purposes of these charities.

The English Baptist mission to the basin of the Congo River is organized. The missionaries selected have had experience among the tribes of the West Coast.

The death of King VICTOR EMANUEL of Italy closes a life which has had important relations with the chief ecclesiastical events of our time. The accomplishment of the unity of Italy made necessary the suppression of the Pope's temporal power. Despite the excommunications hurled at him by PIUS IX., the King continued to be, after his fashion, a good Catholic. The Pope sent his own chaplain to him during the period of fatal illness, doubtless with kind personal messages. The two—Pope and King—will be conspicuous figures in the history of our century. VICTOR EMANUEL'S good sense was as remarkable as his bravery. He could wait, did wait, and kept himself under restraint while events ripened. Crowned immediately after the fatal battle which broke the spirit of his father, he had the satisfaction of seeing his country delivered from the foreigner, and placed among the great powers of Europe.

Some questions in relation to the famous Bampton Lectures are well answered by an English correspondent of the *Churchman* of this city. Their founder was the Rev. JOHN BAMPTON, Canon of Salisbury, who died in 1751. He bequeathed all his property to the "chancellor, masters, and scholars of the University of Oxford forever," in trust, the trustees to apply the income to the maintenance of a yearly course of eight lectures on the Christian evidences and the articles of the Christian faith as stated in the Apostles' and Nicene creeds. The first course was delivered in 1780. Each lecturer must have taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge. The discourses are given "on successive Sunday mornings some time between the beginning of the last month in Lent term and the end of the third week of October term. St. Mary's Church, where they are delivered, is always crowded." St. Mary's is said to be "a fine old church for preaching, large and light; the sound of the preacher's voice is carried well throughout."

The divisions among Protestants do not appear to advantage in Italy. The deputation from the British Evangelical Alliance sent to bring the Protestant ministers and missionaries throughout the peninsula into more perfect harmony found there representatives of sects whose differences of opinion can have no meaning for the Italian people. Of the city of Naples alone Dr. PRIME, who is now there, reports: "Besides the Waldensian, which is the original native and missionary Church of the country, here are the Free Italian Church, the Methodist mission, and no less than four kinds of Baptist Churches. These four Baptist missions include (1) Open-communion Baptists, (2) Close-communion Baptists, (3) Open-communion Independent Baptists, (4) Seventh-day, Second-advent Baptists." What a medley! And what an impression of the present condition of Protestantism it must make on the Italian mind!

The importance of utilizing the temperance revival now progressing throughout the country becomes more apparent to all lovers of sobriety and good order. A movement has been organized in Pennsylvania for the re-enactment of a local-option law. One was on the statute-books a few years ago, but its provisions were so well applied that a reaction followed, and it was repealed. A very intelligent writer in the *Examiner and Chronicle* of this city urges the nomination of Excise Commissioners in the towns of New York by the friends of temperance. Much evil has been perpetuated by letting the elections for these Commissioners go by default.

The *Catholic World* estimates the number of German Catholics in the United States to be 1,237,563. The number of German priests is 1273; there are for their use 930 church edifices; 170 congregations have no edifices of their own. Distributed according to States, the largest German Catholic population is found in Ohio—180,000; Wisconsin comes next, with 146,000; then follow New York, with 134,000, Illinois, with 122,000, and Indiana, with 118,000; Pennsylvania falls as low as 67,500. Their schools are taught largely by members of the teaching orders of the Roman Catholic Church, such as the German Sisters of Notre Dame, the German Dominican Sisters, and the Sisters of Christian Charity. Of the recent influx of teachers from Europe the *Catholic World* says: "Prince BISMARCK has done us a very good turn without wishing it. Many of these orders already have houses in this country; driven from Germany, they found not merely a refuge, but a warm welcome and abundant work with their brothers and sisters here."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE reported a few weeks ago the death of Mr. J. G. ANTHONY, the curator in charge of the department of conchology in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, and now follow with a similar announcement of the death, on the 10th of December, of Dr. JARED P. KIRTLAND, one of the oldest, best known, and most useful of American naturalists. He was born in Connecticut in November, 1793, and was consequently eighty-four years of age. Dr. KIRTLAND early showed a taste for science, and, as is so common in such cases, determined to make the practice of medicine his business for life. He was the first student matriculated in the medical department of Yale College, and received his final degree in the University of Pennsylvania. After a short residence in Connecticut, he took charge of the chair of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Ohio Medical College at Cincinnati, and in 1843 received an appointment in the medical department of Western Reserve College, which he filled for twenty-one years. In 1848 Dr. KIRTLAND received the appointment of zoologist to the Geological Survey of Ohio, the duties of which he discharged with great fidelity, and his publications connected therewith constitute in a measure the bases of subsequent similar investigations in the West. The enthusiasm which characterized Dr. KIRTLAND, and continued until almost the very day of his death, had its natural influence, and many of the most distinguished Western naturalists received their first scientific impulses from their association with him. Among these were Dr. P. R. HOY, of Racine, Wisconsin, Mr. ROBERT KENNICOTT, of Chicago, and many others. There were few departments of natural history in which Dr. KIRTLAND did not achieve a distinguished record, taking almost every subdivision in succession. His most prominent work was that in connection with the fishes of Ohio, for the accurate knowledge of which he laid the foundation, establishing and identifying many of the species of RAFINESQUE, which up to that time had been considered entirely mythical. He described many new species of Western fishes, and the discovery of one species of bird of Ohio is due to his zeal. He was also remarkably successful as a horticulturist, producing many desirable new varieties of fruit, especially of the cherry, which still maintain a prominent position. His observations in the management and rearing of the bee, the silk-worm, and other practical subjects also occupy a large page in the history of these branches. As might be expected, he was a member of most of the learned societies in the United States, including the National Academy of Sciences, and of several of those of Europe, his special claim to consideration as an original discoverer being largely based upon his researches in regard to the sexes of the Unionidæ, or fresh-water mussels. Dr. KIRTLAND was also one of the founders and for a long time one of the principal patrons of the Society of Natural Science of Cleveland, known as the Kirtland Academy of Science, which bids fair to occupy a high rank among learned bodies. Since the departure from among us of Mr. J. G. ANTHONY, Colonel E. R. JEWETT, and Dr. KIRTLAND, there is left of octogenarian naturalists of eminence only Mr. ISAAC LEA, of Philadelphia, who we trust may long be spared to his friends and to science.

Much interest is excited in Paris by a family of Esquimaux received in anticipation of the Paris Exhibition of 1878. This consists of three men, one woman, and two children, with living seals, white bears, and trained dogs. They reside in huts of the usual Esquimaux pattern, and, as far as the difference in climate and the surroundings will permit, they conduct themselves as they would in Greenland.

Several new preparations of India rubber are now largely used in Paris for various purposes. Among these are what is called rubber parchment, which can be used instead of gelatine paper, gold-beater's skin, or parchment in sealing bottles, etc. It takes a very brilliant color by the application of various substances, such as ultramarine, chrome-green, etc.

A second comparatively new substance is the vegetable ivory. This is prepared by adding calcined magnesia to a solution of India rubber, and compressing the mass in a hydraulic press in hot cast-iron moulds.

There is no sulphur in this preparation, and it can be manufactured into billiard balls which have an astonishing resemblance to ivory, and are perfectly homogeneous in texture, and are elastic. Many other articles can be manufactured from the same substance.

The death of Professor JAMES ORTON, in charge of the department of Natural History in Vassar College, took place while crossing Lake Titicaca. His remains were buried on a small island in that lake.

Professor ORTON was born in 1830, and graduated at Williams College in 1853. In 1867 he took charge of an exploring party of the Williams College Lyceum of Natural History to the Upper Amazon, and in 1873 made a second exploration of a similar character. In 1876 he commenced a third exploration, with the special object of investigating the character of the Beni River.

He was extremely successful as an explorer, his accomplishments in geology, natural history, and physical science qualifying him to make a proper record of his observations, while his numerous gatherings in various departments attest his zeal and abilities as a collector, and many new species of birds, reptiles, fishes, fossils, etc., are credited to him in the scientific journals. His zoological collections were principally for the benefit of Vassar College, the determination of the birds having been intrusted to Mr. GEORGE N. LAWRENCE, of New York, and that of the reptiles and fishes to Professor COPE.

In addition to his charge as Professor of Natural History of Vassar College, he was also the curator of the GIRAUD collection of birds, which was based upon the magnificent cabinet of North American birds, presented by Mr. GIRAUD, and extended by means of an endowment left by that gentleman for the purpose of increasing it.

The *American Journal of Science* for December contains an account of some new species of fish collected by the United States Fish Commission during the past season off the coast of New England and Nova Scotia. Quite a number of described species were detected whose occurrence in the region referred to was ascertained for the first time. It is not a little interesting that most of these species were previously known only in the Greenland or Northern seas, and were taken in the cold bottom current which sweeps southward on the American coast, indicating a temperature of from 30° to 35°.

The new species belong to the genera *Macrurus* and *Lycodes*; and a third novelty has been added to the collections of the Commission in a new species of chimera, already referred to in our columns.

It is announced that the *American Naturalist*, which has had so long and useful a career in Salem and Boston, will hereafter be published in Philadelphia by Messrs. M'CALLA & STAVELY, under the editorship of Dr. A. S. PACKARD and Professor E. D. COPE.

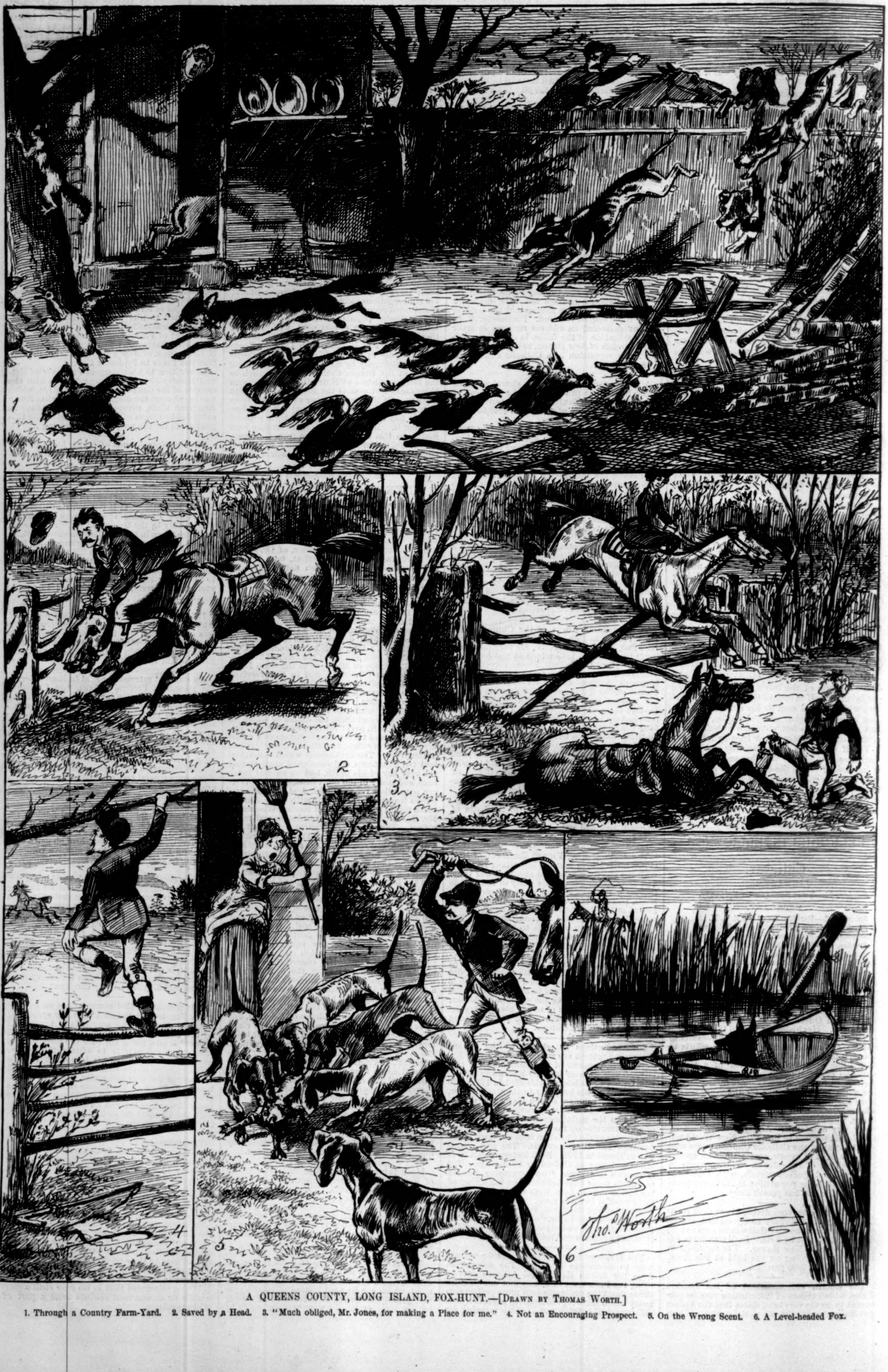
An eminent astronomer died in November, in the person of Professor KARL VON LITTROW. He was born at Kasan in 1811, his father being also an eminent astronomer and professor of astronomy in the university at that place. The son soon followed in his father's footsteps, and at the age of twenty was appointed assistant in the observatory at Vienna. In 1842 he became director in the same observatory, which has continued ever since under his charge, and to which he has imparted a very high degree of efficiency. Numerous special and scientific papers by him are on record in the Transactions of learned societies in Vienna and elsewhere.

The COPLEY medal of the Royal Society for the present year has been presented to Professor J. D. DANA, of New Haven, as a recognition of his investigations, carried on through half a century, and illustrated by many massive volumes, relating to zoology, geology, and mineralogy.

A new combustible has been devised in France, which, it is suggested, will be useful for heating railway carriages. For this the carbonized tan or bark of wood is mixed with a small quantity of nitrate of lead. Some slacked lime is added for the purpose of holding it together. This compound is easily lighted, and burns slowly and continuously. With the addition of a little charcoal dust the combustion is still more slow. A small quantity in a foot-warmer, with limited draught, is not entirely consumed at the end of sixteen hours, and heat enough is developed for an ordinary English railway carriage.

It is announced that measures are on foot for extending to the Indian Ocean the system of deep-sea dredgings so successfully prosecuted by the *Challenger* in her famous expedition. A steamer is now being built for the purpose, and Lieutenant JARRAD is to obtain the proper equipment in England. It is not improbable that a portion of the staff of the *Challenger* will be secured for this enterprise, and that operations will begin in the course of a year. It is proposed to carry a line of soundings across the Bay of Bengal, as this can be done in connection with the ultimate detail of the vessel for carrying on local surveys.

The managers of the WOODRUFF expedition have made application to Congress for the passage of a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to grant a register to a foreign-built steamer. As Mr. ROACH has refused to carry out his proposal to build a large vessel for the expedition, a Clyde-built steamer, capable of accommodating 200 passengers, has been offered at a very reasonable sum. The bill which has been introduced into the Senate also authorizes the President to detail officers of the army and navy, not exceeding five of each, for duty with said expedition, reports to be required of the said officers to their respective chiefs of department, and all the collections of specimens made by them to be placed in the National Museum. It is also stipulated that in no case shall a mercantile or commercial venture form a part of said expedition.



A QUEENS COUNTY, LONG ISLAND, FOX-HUNT.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.]

1. Through a Country Farm-Yard. 2. Saved by a Head. 3. "Much obliged, Mr. Jones, for making a Place for me." 4. Not an Encouraging Prospect. 5. On the Wrong Scent. 6. A Level-headed Fox.

VICTOR EMANUEL.

Victor Emanuel, King of united Italy, died on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 9. The son of King Charles Albert of Sardinia, and Queen Theresa, daughter of the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, he was born on the 14th of March, 1820. Even in boyhood Victor Emanuel seems to have displayed those military qualities in which his father was so sadly wanting. As Duke of Savoy, which title he bore, his early years were passed in the comparative seclusion of the Sardinian court, and at the age of twenty he was united in marriage with Marie Adelaide, Archduchess of Austria. During the war which broke out in 1848 between the latter country and Sardinia young Victor Emanuel had an opportunity of displaying his military prowess. He took command of the troops from Savoy, and at the battle of Goito won distinction as a soldier, only leaving the field when compelled to do so by a severe though not serious wound which he received in the thigh. In the campaign that followed he rendered important service to the Sardinian cause, and attracted great attention to himself by the valor displayed at Novara in 1849. The results of this battle were such, however, as to cause Charles Albert to tremble for the existence of his throne, and as a conciliatory measure he lost no time in abdicating in favor of his son. The matrimonial alliance already existing between himself and the reigning house of Austria assisted Victor Emanuel in arranging matters with his late enemy, and the executive talent shown in organizing his government convinced the Sardinians that they had no occasion to be dissatisfied with the initiatory policy of the new sovereign.

Once seated upon the throne, Victor Emanuel, though only in his twenty-ninth year, began to occupy himself with such measures as would contribute to the welfare and prosperity of the people under him. He chose for his counsellors such men as D'Azeglio and Cavour, who assisted him in the work of re-arranging the finances of the government, reforming the educational system, and limiting the power of the Church. Here began his struggle with the papal hierarchy, so persistently carried on, and finally brought to such a successful conclusion. Rome launched her thunders at her recalcitrant son; but Victor Emanuel, while desirous of continuing his allegiance to the spiritual power of the Church, refused to abate his efforts to curtail her temporal supremacy. With Victor Emanuel as King and Cavour at his right hand, Sardinia rapidly rose in political importance. At the time of the Crimean war she was enabled to send 17,000 men to the support of the Allies, and when peace was concluded Europe had awakened to the fact that Italy was about to assume a place of power and importance among nations.

In the year 1855, while elated with the progress made by the state over which he ruled, Victor Emanuel was called upon to sustain a series of domestic afflictions. Within twelve months his mother and his wife followed one another to the grave. The King himself was also seriously ill. Upon recovering, advised by his physician to try the possible benefit of travel, he visited France and England, in both of which countries he was met with the most cordial hospitality.

VICTOR EMANUEL II., LATE KING OF ITALY.

Soon after this a political war cloud began to hover over Sardinia. The opposition of the clergy to the reform measures of the King grew in bitterness, and the state seemed in danger, until the general elections of 1857 confirmed the policy maintained by the government. Two years later war broke out with Austria. A matrimonial alliance between the daughter of Victor Emanuel and Prince Napoleon, together with other causes, had brought about exceedingly friendly relations between Sardinia and France. Austria demanded the disarmament of the Sardinian forces, and war ensued. The great battle of Magenta took place on the 4th of June, 1859. The Austrians were completely routed, and Lombardy passed into the possession of Sardinia. Twenty days later occurred the famous struggle at Solferino. It was followed by the peace of Villafranca, and the map of Italy began rapidly to assume new dispositions. Garibaldi's sword had been unsheathed, and the former King of the comparatively small state of Sardinia found himself in possession of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Two Sicilies.

Victor Emanuel was now King of Italy. His title was established by a Parliament at Turin, on the 17th of March, 1861, and shortly afterward recognized by the powers of Europe. At the same time, however, Rome and Venice remained outside of the new kingdom, which could not be complete without these important additions. For several years no move was made in the direction of either of these places; but finally the conflict between Prussia and Austria opened up an opportunity for obtaining possession of Venetia, which, after the battle of Sadowa, was annexed to the kingdom of Italy. Again, the overthrow of Napoleon made clear the road toward Rome. On the 20th of September, 1870, after a series of vain attempts to pacificate the venerable Pontiff at Rome, Victor Emanuel led his troops into the sacred precincts of that city. The opposition offered was inconsiderable, and within a year the government was transferred thither. The *ci-devant* King of Sardinia had finally become the sovereign of united Italy.

The last few years of Victor Emanuel's reign were characterized by that quiet prosperity that affords little or no material for history. The finances of the nation occupied his attention, while the educational reforms instituted in defiance of the authority of Rome were of a character to demand the admiration of the Protestant world. Victor Emanuel's great work was accomplished in the union of the Italian states. After that he gave himself to social enjoyments and the simple pleasures congenial to his tastes, after the manner of a man who feels that the greatest task of his life lies behind him. Not many years ago he contracted a morganatic marriage with the Countess Mirafiore. The death of Victor Emanuel is said to have been in a manner hastened by grief over the loss of his wife, who died a short time ago.

Victor Emanuel leaves behind him several children. Those by his first wife are the Princess Clotilde, who married Prince Napoleon; Prince Humbert; Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta and ex-King of Spain; and Princess Marie-Pie, now Queen of Portugal. Besides these there were Prince Otho, a hunchback, who died some years ago, and an infant which did not survive its mother. Prince Humbert was born on the 14th of

HUMBERT I., KING OF ITALY, AND QUEEN MARGUERITE.

March, 1844, and is now in his thirty-fourth year. Immediately upon the death of his father he issued the following proclamation:

"ITALIANS: The greatest misfortune has suddenly befallen us. VICTOR EMANUEL, the founder of the kingdom of Italy and its unity, has been taken from us. I received his last sigh, which was for the nation; his last wishes, which were for the happiness of his people. His voice, which will always resound in my heart, bids me vanquish sorrow, and indicates my duty at this moment. There is only one consolation possible, namely, to show ourselves worthy of him—I by following in his footsteps, and you by remaining devoted to those civic virtues by the aid of which he accomplished the difficult task of rendering Italy great and united. I shall be mindful of his grand example of devotion to country, love of progress, and faith in liberal institutions, which are the pride of my house. My sole ambition will be to deserve the love of my people.

"Italians, your first king is dead. His successor will prove to you that institutions do not die. Let us unite in this hour of great sorrow. Let us strengthen that concord which has always been the salvation of Italy."

On the same day he was proclaimed King of Italy, under the title of HUMBERT I. His first act was to confirm the present ministers in their positions.

POLICE ATHLETICS.

IN the present days of railroad riots and Communist meetings it is pleasant to find that the guardians of our public peace are showing great enthusiasm in the matter of developing their muscle. The recent entertainment given by athletes connected with the police force of New York city shows that whatever may be said in regard to the physical degeneracy of the human race, there still exists among us a residue of muscular strength ranged on the side of law and order that may well strike terror to the hearts of the ignoble army of tramps and roughs that infest our borders.

On the evening of Monday, January 7, the doors of the large building known as the Hippodrome, situated on Madison Avenue, were thrown open for the admission of an immense crowd burning with curiosity to behold the feats of muscle about to be performed by the blue-coated brotherhood. Captain WILLIAMS, the worthy chief whose portrait adorns the centre of our group of sketches on page 68, had much to do in the way of keeping the immense audience disposed to gather round him within the bounds which are usually allotted to spectators. Long before eight o'clock, the hour set for the beginning of the performance, every available seat was filled, and a great disposition shown by the constantly augmenting crowd to run over into the arena. Only by dint of indefatigable exertions could the gallant captain preserve the track from such incursions as would have rendered the entertainment an impossibility.

The entertainment began with a seventy-yard run. There were six contestants, whose names are only prevented from being handed down to fame in the columns of the *Weekly* by want of space. Due mention must, however, be made of Officer GRASSICK, who carried off the honors with so little difficulty that the spectator was led to imagine he must have been trained long and excellently well. The party were scarcely off before GRASSICK took the lead, and gallantly kept it, arriving at the goal some ten feet in advance of the others, having performed his seventy yards in eight seconds and three-quarters, without, so to speak, "turning a hair." Officer MADISON came up well behind him, but the rest of the party arrived in a bunch, thus proving themselves of such calibre as to make an excellent four-in-hand.

Of all the marvellous feats of the evening it would be impossible to make mention, so we shall confine ourselves to the events selected by our artist as specially worthy of being reproduced by his pencil. The collar-and-elbow match was rather exciting in the beginning, but after a few minutes became rather monotonous, and the announcement, "QUIGLY wins!" was received by the audience with satisfaction.

It is after ten before the velocipedes appear. Upon one is mounted Mr. WILLIAM DE NOEILLE, and upon the other an unknown competitor. The race was for $500 and the championship of America, the distance five miles. This event was disappointing in its nature, for just at the fortieth round, when the business became exciting, a foul occurred. The "unknown" proved to be the guilty party, and the race was adjudged to Mr. DE NOEILLE.

The sparring matches lacked in science, and therefore could not be said to afford much entertainment to any one profoundly versed in the delicate art of self-defense; but nevertheless the audience enjoyed them immensely, and it is only fair to admit that an encounter between two combatants educated to exaggeration certainly loses in excitement what it gains in scientific attraction. Clearly there is only half as much fun when either party is too adroit to suffer himself to be hit. During the evening there were six sparring matches, and although none of the contestants can be said to have covered himself with glory, there was a great amount of muscular strength displayed, that, after all, is valuable in its way, even when not supplemented by science.

The most exciting event of the evening, perhaps, was a trial of strength displayed in the fantastic feat called "the tug of war." This demands weight and muscle, and nothing else, and here our gallant policemen had for their opponents not their own Metropolitan brethren, but a party of picked men from that land of bone and sinew, Scotland. Certainly it would be impossible to claim that all our own blue-coats are by any means sons of the soil, but clearly the victory that they won here gains additional glory from the fact that sturdy Scots were their antagonists. The history of this contest we give in full as it was witnessed by a reporter of one of our leading dailies:

"Ten big policemen on one side and ten Scotchmen on the other. Soon they are at work. The mighty crowd breaks loose and runs in thousands across the arena till a solid line twenty deep stand all along the rope. The excitement is at its highest pitch. Nothing in the evening compared to it. Now watch the sturdy twenty as they buckle to their work. Some of the Scots look actually puny, and there is hardly a large man among them. But the other ten are simply huge fellows. The Scots have put their heaviest men at the end of the rope. The police, on the other hand, make their captain, M'NALLY, who says he weighs 245 pounds, the inner man, and scatter the rest indiscriminately. Captain WILLIAMS gives the word, and now see them settle! The police have learned how too, and instead of foolishly tearing themselves to pieces in the first burst, settle steadily down until they almost sit on the ground, each man taking care first to dig a small rifle-pit with his boots, and so get better foothold. But what are the Scotch tactics? Exactly the same; and so both are lying there, neither making nor losing. Long and anxious is the struggle, and something must soon give. Now look! Captain M'NALLY's left hand goes up as if with cautionary intent. On the instant every policeman draws one leg up short, digs a new hole a foot back, takes a new purchase, and then the entire ton of policemen settles steadily back. Scotland can not stand it this time, though she yields every inch with painful reluctance. 'Hip ahoy! inch by inch!' shouts some one, and the crowd evidently want to see the officers win. At the end of the first minute they have made six feet, and hold it, WILLIAMS meanwhile having his hands full to keep back the eager multitude. 'Now it's over,' he shouts, and glad enough he looks. The great M'NALLY remarks, complacently, 'It's main strength and ignorance against science.' The time is announced, 3 m. 38 s., and so ended a fair, manly fight, creditable to every one in it."

Toward the end of the evening objections were made to this match, because some of the men at the police end of the rope did not in reality belong to the force. After some consideration a second trial was allowed, and this time the contest resulted in a draw. There was no time for a third effort, however; midnight had arrived, and the performance must be brought to an end. Within a few minutes the conclusion of the entertainment was announced, and the audience departed, delighted with all that they had seen. As for the quieter portion of our readers, who can not be supposed to have witnessed the scenes at the Hippodrome, we hope that they will sleep more peacefully now that they know what the police of the metropolis are doing to develop the muscle which in times of disorder and riot they are bound to exercise for the purpose of public protection.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT may be that a few of our readers during the last summer chanced to visit some favored country place where genuine old-fashioned *milk* is not a myth. The sight of it—such as gladdened our eyes many times—would be a novelty to most city residents. Not that thin bluish fluid which sometimes comes from the milkman's can, nor yet the whiter article with which we can find no special fault, except that there is no *body*, no richness, to it, and which will stand undisturbed all day without a film of cream appearing; but milk of a rich creamy color, with perceptible substance to it. Pour a quart of it into a bowl and set it away for a couple of hours, and then look at it. *Cream?* Yes, cream has already risen, richer cream than that you buy in New York—when you can afford it—to make up deficiencies in your milk pail. Ah! this is the article that makes children grow strong and healthy—to say nothing of their elders.

We are informed by the *Agriculturist* that large quantities of skimmed milk are sent to this city from creameries where butter only is made; that not less than 43,000 gallons of such milk are daily sent here by Orange County farmers. Skimmed milk may be good and wholesome—much better than "distillery" or adulterated milk—as far as it goes; and the farmers who send it to this city doubtless sell it for what it is. But how is it retailed to ordinary customers? As "skimmed milk?" Is it not often sold at the full price, and avowedly as new milk? People are beginning to demand that they be supplied with the article for which they pay. And the difference between skimmed and new milk, even when each is pure, is or should be perceptible.

The first snow-storm of the season in this vicinity fell on January 4, but soon turned to rain. In many parts of the State, however, several inches whitened the ground, and in sections of New England the storm was heavy and the weather severe. On the same day snow fell in Richmond, Virginia, and in Washington.

An exchange mentions that a fragrant rose, plucked from an unprotected bush in a garden of Glassborough, New Jersey, was received on New-Year's Day as one of the most graceful and unique compliments of the season.

Temple Bar is about to perish, at the good old age of two hundred and five. The London *Spectator* says, "We hope it will have a comfortable resurrection in some place where it can be seen without being in the way."

Ice-dealers in this city and vicinity began to look uncommonly bright and cheerful with the cold winds and wintry sky that came soon after the opening of the year. Weather cold, clear, and crisp, without snow, makes first-class ice, and not many days of it are required to give a full supply. The upper Hudson is the great harvest field for New York and vicinity, although some companies obtain ice from Maine.

All attachés of the Railway Mail Service have been placed in blue uniforms, profusely ornamented with brass buttons bearing on their outer circumference the words, "Railway Mail Service," and in the centre the letters, "P. O. D." This arrangement is for the purpose of definitely distinguishing employés of the service, so that any person unauthorized to handle the mail pouches may be readily detected.

Among the treasures of the Lenox Library is a magnificent copy of the Mazarin Bible—so called because the first copy that attracted the attention of modern investigators was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. This was the first book printed with movable type, and was completed in 1455 at Mentz. It is said there are only two copies in this country. At a book sale in London in 1873 a copy of this Bible on vellum brought $17,000, and one on paper, $13,550.

This year the leading international event will be the Paris Exhibition. In 1879, according to an official announcement from Australia, an international exhibition will be held in Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, to which the other Australasian colonies will contribute. In 1880 there will be a great exhibition in Italy, either at Rome or Milan. Other countries will doubtless be ready with their shows for 1881, 1882, and succeeding years.

An American palace-car was sent to Norway for the special use of his Majesty King Oscar at the recent opening of the Norwegian State Railroad to Trondhjem. It met the delighted approval of the king, and, after the trip, was visited by an admiring multitude.

About $3,500,000 has been expended on the harbor of Boulogne, France, such improvements having been made that now vessels can enter and go out at all tides.

There is an old English proverb, "A green Christmas makes a fat church-yard," evidently founded on some current opinion that mild weather in early winter is less favorable to health than cold. It is said, however, that statistics would often lead to the opposite conclusion. It is doubtless true that people in general are less careful about taking cold in such weather as we enjoyed during December than when the season is more severe, and that this is the chief cause of prevailing influenzas, diphtheria, pneumonia, and kindred diseases. According to the report of the Board of Health, the mortality of New York during the month of December, 1877, compared favorably with the number of deaths during the same month in previous years when the season has been more wintry.

A Paris paper records the death of a remarkable person—Commander José Joachim Da Gama Machado—a lover of birds. For their benefit he converted a corner of his apartment into a bath-room, where he had thirty baths arranged for his little winged prisoners, the bath of each of them being prepared according to the strength and temperament of the bather. He left to the Society for the Protection of Animals a sum of 20,000 francs, the interest of which is to pay the salary of a person whose duty is to see that drivers do not ill-treat their horses. In his testament he says that the birds he has left behind are to be cared for by women, and not by men. These women are to be taken from a province famous for producing persons of kind disposition, and he describes how, by the form of the head, it can be told what women will have real kindness for his winged pets. He further ordered his funeral to take place at three o'clock in the afternoon, "at the hour when the ravens of the Louvre are in the habit of seeking their dinner;" and adds, "You shall place in my coffin the birds inclosed in the four tombs which adorn my collection of natural history," so that even in his death he is not to be parted from the friends of his life.

HONOR IN HIS OWN LAND.

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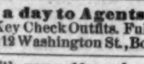

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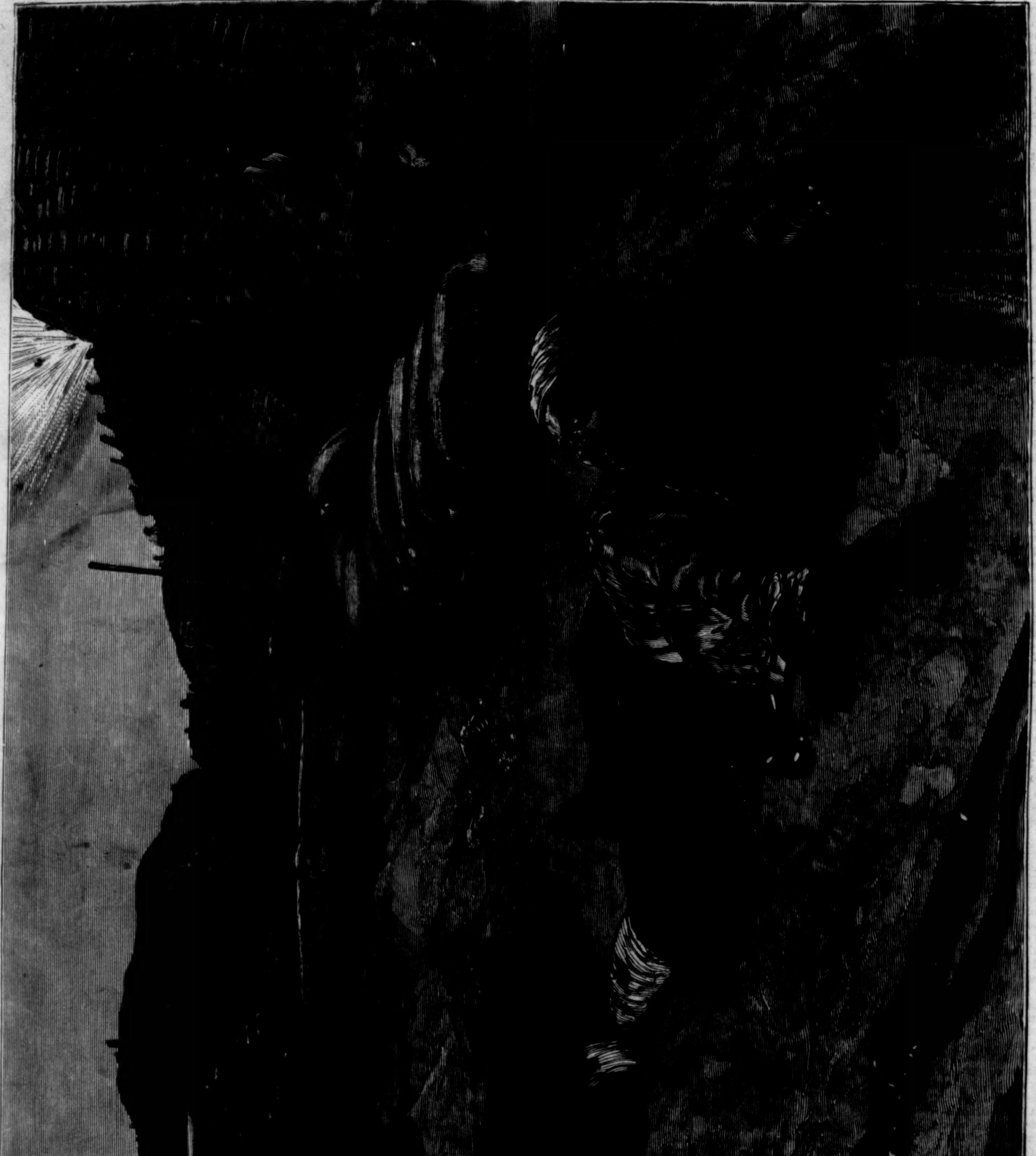

THE WAR IN THE EAST—A CRITICAL MOMENT.

WAR SKETCHES.

THE pictures given in this Supplement are strikingly illustrative of the extent to which the horrors of war have been increased by the ingenuity of modern invention. It seems a horrible thought that one of the results of our boasted progress in chemical science should be the possibility of such scenes as those depicted in our engravings. When Friar BACON, in the seclusion of his narrow cell at Oxford, and by dint of painful effort, wrung from ancient Eastern manuscripts the secret of that horrible combination of sulphur, nitre, and charcoal which carries with it a power of destruction second only to the lightning it resembles, his contemporaries pronounced him in league with Satan. Now, after five hundred years, in which mankind is supposed to have made enormous progress not only in all the arts of peace and all the Christian virtues, this fearful agent of destruction is made use of without stint by every ruler whose insatiate ambition or insulted dignity can not be appeased save by an indiscriminate slaughter of their fellow-creatures. Happily for the wounded Turk in our engraving, he has the idea of Kismet inculcated by his religion to afford him scanty consolation. If it be the will of Allah that a fragment of the shell shall strike him, he must die; he is held in charge by a Supreme Power that will either spare his life, or through death introduce him at once into the paradise prepared for those who die for the faith.

A more thrilling scene than that depicted in our double-page engraving is seldom found even among the admirable war pictures given in the *Weekly*. The occasion is the storming of Kars on the 18th of November, of which a description was given in our last issue. The capture of this citadel of Kars is one of the most important events of the war, and the manner in which the news was received on all sides, both by Turks and Russians, shows the shock suffered by the Ottoman power in losing its great fortress. The rejoicings at St. Petersburg have already been alluded to. The following song of triumph, which appeared in the shape of a letter written from the seat of war, addressed to the *Moscow Gazette*, we quote for the benefit of our readers, as showing the brilliant rhetoric employed on great occasions by Russian war correspondents:

"Kars, a first-class fortress, and the Turkish barrier in Asia Minor, has fallen. Our troops took it by storm. With its garrison of 20,000 men, its impregnable fortifications, and its mass of war material, it did not succeed in holding out. The attack was fixed for the evening of the 17th of November. The troops were divided into several columns, the whole under the command of General LAZAREFF. On the south, opposite Fort Kanly, was the column of General Count

GRABBE; opposite Fort Hafiz, the column of General ALKHAZOFF; on the north, the column of General SHATILOF; and on the west, opposite the forts Tchim, Suvara Las-Tepesi, and Mukhlis, the column of General ROOP. On the eventful evening the weather was wonderfully beautiful. There was a touch of frost in the air, and the full moon shone brightly. All around there was complete silence, and every thing was avoided which could warn the Turks of the intended attack. At seven o'clock the advance began. In the most perfect silence the troops went forward, with volunteers in front. Shortly after nine o'clock were heard a few musket-shots, which showed that the outposts were reached. Then thundered the cannon, and the fight began. The storming columns met with such a terrific fire that nothing was heard but a continuous roll of big guns and musketry. All the forts were suddenly, as it were, girded about with a belt of fire—in some places with several belts, one above the other. The Kara Dagh heights were literally covered with flame, and looked like a great bonfire. Every soldier of the garrison fired hundreds of shots. All the big guns, it seems, were in action. From a distance it appeared impossible to remain for a moment under such a fire; but through it, silently, without firing, unwaveringly advanced the storming columns. When near the fortifications, they rush forward with a 'hurrah.' The artillery fire ceases. Our soldiers jump over the 'wolf holes' down into the ditch and begin to scale the parapets. The storming ladders, twenty-one feet in length, are too short, but the brave fellows climb and clamber all the same, clinging to each other, digging their bayonets into the parapet, giving each other a lift, and ever forward. Now they are on the top; the gates are blown open with dynamite; Fort Kanly the terrible can no longer resist. Count GRABBE is in front with his volunteers, and falls with two bullets in his breast. After him comes Colonel BELINSKI, at the head of the regiment, and he too falls under bullets and bayonets. But that does not stop the forward movement. The garrison wavers, takes to flight, and our troops enter. Kanly is ours, and those of the defenders who shut themselves up in the casemates are obliged to capitulate. Soon fall in like manner Suwarri and Hafiz. An advance is then made on the citadel. At all points the Turks offer a desperate resistance. Toward morning the Kutais Regiment takes the Kara Dagh and Arab Tabia, and soon afterward the citadel falls into our hands."

Within the besieged city the ceremonies that followed shortly upon its capture were of the most impressive character. On the morning of the 20th there was a great religious service for the troops, during which they were drawn up on the south side of the town near the wall. The weather was bright and warm, so that the sun gilded the arms and brought out boldly the brilliant colors of the unfurled banners. At eleven o'clock the Grand Duke arrived in great haste, and joyfully congratulated the soldiers, who replied with deafening hurrahs. The troops were then drawn up in the form of a parallelogram. In the centre were the priests and the icons, and round them, in the form of a semicircle, the standard-bearers with their banners unfurled. The service was begun and several sacred chants were sung, the most impressive being the "Te Deum laudamus," which must have sounded strangely in the unaccustomed atmosphere of a Turkish citadel. Then the cannon boomed forth from the frowning fortress, no longer sending murderous missiles, but simply giving expression to the great sentiment of victory and rejoicing. After this the priest pronounced in solemn tones the "eternal remembrance" for the dead, and all knelt down and repeated a prayer for the souls of the departed heroes.

THE STORMING OF KARS—SU… MO…

At Erzerum, whither a portion of the Turkish garrison had fled, the reception of the news was of a different character. For several days the troops stationed there refused to give credence to the report that Kars had been captured by the enemy, but on the 23d all doubt was set at rest. On that day a grand council was assembled by GHAZI MUKHTAR, at which he read a telegram received from the Sultan, addressed not only to himself and the army, but to the entire Moslem population. The dispatch stated that his Majesty deeply felt the blow Mohammedanism had received in the fall of Kars, but that as long as honor remained all was not lost. He felt convinced that the gallantry shown by the townspeople in the battle of the Azizi was but a foretaste of what they would yet do in defense of their homes, their city, and their religion. In their valor his Majesty had the greatest confidence, and he left the safety of the fortress in their hands, in the full assurance that they would defend it to the last extremity.

The worst difficulty, however, with which the Turks in Erzerum have had to contend has been the weather. Winter has come upon them in all its severity, and the troops are miserably clad. A portion of the clothing manufactured at Erzerum in September and sent out to Kars was abandoned on the Aladja Dagh, and now serves to keep the enemy warm. Another great want is fuel. "Tezek," or dried cow dung, the staple fuel in Ar…
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—SUN MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1877.

out as well where he lived. Because by this time he was certain that the misery of walking about all night was a less evil to the man than the fear of letting any one know the secret of his lodgings.

"You see this cane," he went on in a friendly way. "It's lighter than it looks and pretty flexible. It is a kind of cane which, laid across the shoulders, is calculated to curl round and bite into fleshy places in the arm. I should say you would find this cane hurt a good bit."

Kugel made no answer.

In a quarter of an hour or so after this speech a policeman appeared, slowly walking down the street.

"Better take me home," said John.

"No," replied the German.

"Then," said John, "if you will, have it." He lifted his arm and brought down the cane with such strength as he was wont to put into the handle of his axe upon Kugel's shoulders. As he anticipated, the cane curled round and caught the unlucky clerk in the fleshy part of his arm. Kugel yelled with pain. The policeman stopped and turned on his lantern. John repeated the stroke. The policeman was startled. Here was quite an unexpected affair. An assault by one quiet-looking man walking with another, apparently unprovoked, and under his very eyes!

"I give him in charge," cried the clerk; "I give him in charge for an assault. You saw him do it."

"Yes," replied the custodian of order; "I certainly saw him do it. What did you do it for?" he asked. "Come, better go home quiet, both of you. Past twelve o'clock, too, and a rainy night."

"Take him in charge," shrieked Kugel, stamping his foot with rage and pain.

The policeman hesitated.

"I surrender," said John. "Let us go to the police office."

At the police office a very unexpected thing happened. John thought that all he had to do was to give his name and address and come away. But he forgot one important point—that unknown persons charged with breaches of the peace are not, as a rule, allowed to walk away after the formality of writing down their names. And when John had seen his name entered, and proposed to walk away with an engagement for the next morning, he was disagreeably surprised at being informed that he had to pass the night in the lock-up.

This annoyance was aggravated by the delight of Mr. Kugel.

"You have taken his name and address too?" asked John.

That had been done, only when, next morning, John proceeded to hunt up the address given, which was at Hampstead, he found to his disgust that the astute Kugel had set down a street which did not exist.

"This," thought John, as he sat down on the stone bench in the lock-up—"this is a satisfactory termination to the evening. I am afraid I have made a mess of it; but I have not done yet."

He refrained from any mention of his reason for assaulting Kugel to the police sergeant, because it might do harm to young Langton. Besides, as he reflected, he had only to get his address in the morning. Simple young Arcadian! But the backwoods are not a congenial field for the study of human artfulness.

Passing the night in a lock-up, not alone, but in the company of other unfortunates, is not, as may be imagined, altogether without drawbacks. There were three companions in misfortune occupying the same cell with John. One of these was perfectly and completely drunk. He lay on his side, breathing heavily and quite unconscious. Another was a boy, who was asleep when John joined the company, but woke up to ask him, eagerly, what he was run in for. Hearing that it was an assault, he made remarks on some people's luck.

"You're a gentleman, you are," he added, as if that fact made things look any blacker for himself. "You'll be had up, an' the beak, he'll say as this is a serious case, an' you'll be fined five quid or a fortnight. An' you'll pay the money, and off you goes. What do they do with all the

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from some unknown sibly because all the t the front during au- —the Moslem fighting transporting war ma- ture of this indispen- d. With snow three is want is much felt. mantled the houses of rom the city, and, as en deserted by their owners, a fair supply has been obtained. Of grain there was a goodly quantity, but the number of mills in the city is so small that for some time it appeared probable that parched wheat would form the staple article of diet in the event of a siege. Finally some mills in the neighborhood were utilized, and a store of flour was obtained sufficient to supply the whole population for three months. Of meat there is a capital stock; scarcely a household exists in Armenia that does not possess one or more head of cattle. These are forbidden to pass beyond the walls, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. Men being less valuable than cattle, the owners are sent out under escort to bring in grass from the neighboring villages. In the mean time the Russians are living luxuriously upon the supplies gathered from Passin Plain. This district lies to the eastward of the road between Erzerum and Kars. Here the villagers, whose desire for gain seems to be greater than their patriotism, are making money out of the Russian occupation.

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Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

IT was a notable device, and gratified at once John's desire to horsewhip the fellow, and to find